

C
FEB.

BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

47
FEBRUARY

10¢

BLUE BOLT

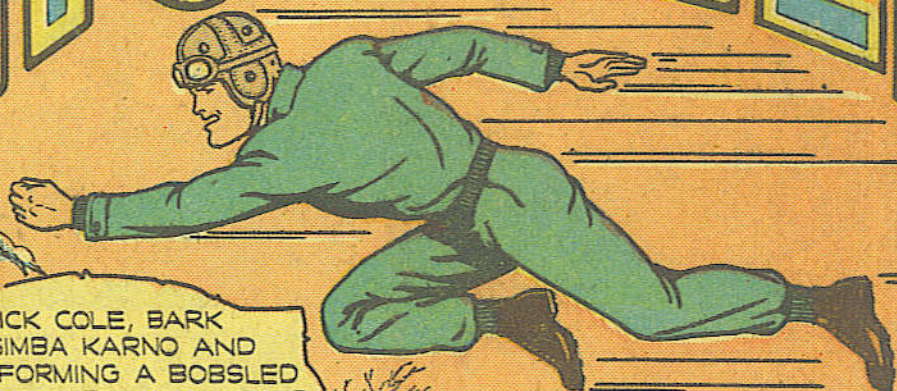


VOL. 7 — NO. 9



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE



DICK COLE, BARK HALL, SIMBA KARNQ AND SLIP'RY, FORMING A BOBSLED TEAM TO COMPETE WITH OTHER SCHOOLS, PRACTICE AT THE SNOW PEAK LODGE RUN, A FEW HOURS' DRIVE FROM FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

KEEP YOUR EARS INSIDE YOUR HELMET, SLIP'RY, SO THEY WON'T SLOW US DOWN!

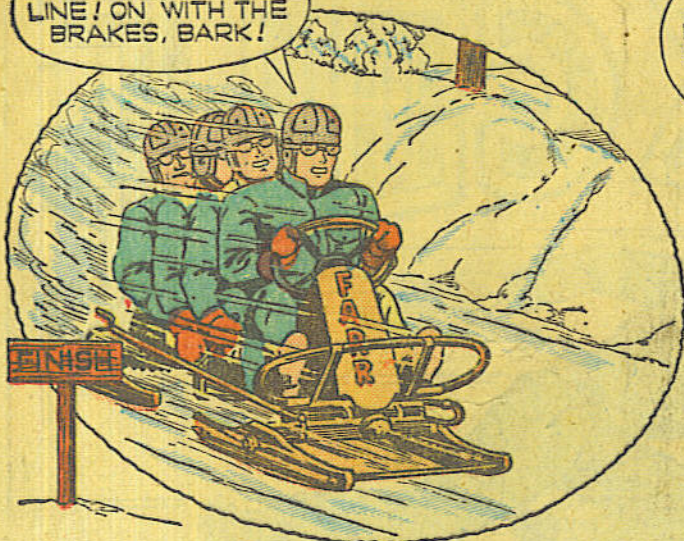
WHE-E-E!
OH, BOY,
WHAT A THRILL!
WHOOPS!



ART BY JIM WILCOX

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Dolg Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant. BLUE BOLT, Vol. 7, No. 9, February, 1947, published monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc. P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

THE END OF THE
LINE! ON WITH THE
BRAKES, BARK!



GREAT RUN, DICK!
BUT THIS IS NO SPORT
FOR PEOPLE WITH WEAK
HEARTS! WHEW! I THOUGHT
WE WERE SURE GOING
OVER AT KILLER CURVE!

YES, THAT
WAS CLOSE.
WELL, LET'S
CHECK OUR
TIME.



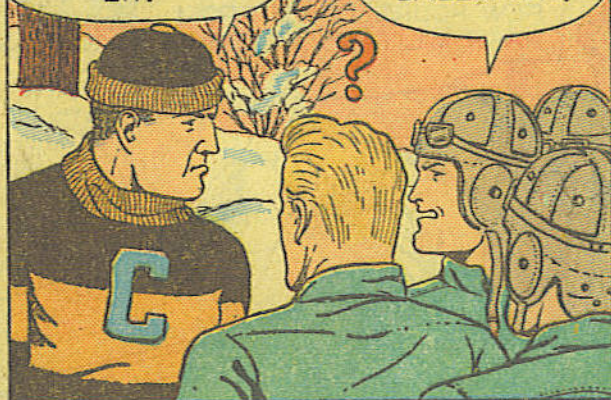
ONE MINUTE AND FIFTY-SIX
SECONDS! DARNED GOOD TIME
YOU KIDS MADE. KEEP IT UP AND
YOU'LL GIVE THE CANNONBALLS
A REAL RUN FOR
THEIR MONEY!



A STRANGER JOINS THE GROUP.

DID I HEAR
SOMEBODY MENTION
THE CANNONBALLS,
EH?

YOU DID.
AND JUST WHO
ARE THE CANNON-
BALLS...EH?



THE CANNONBALLS
ARE THE BEST SEMI-PRO
BOBSLED TEAM THERE
IS, SEE? I'M CAPTAIN,
AND WE BEAT TWERPS
LIKE YOU, DRAGGIN'
OUR FEET OVER
THE SIDE.

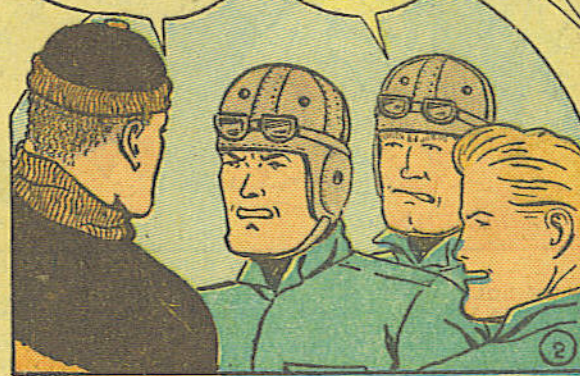
BLANK
CARTRIDGES
MAKE A BIG
NOISE, AND TALK
IS CHEAP, BIG
BOY! WE'LL GIVE
YOU A RACE
ANY TIME...AND
TAKE YOU!

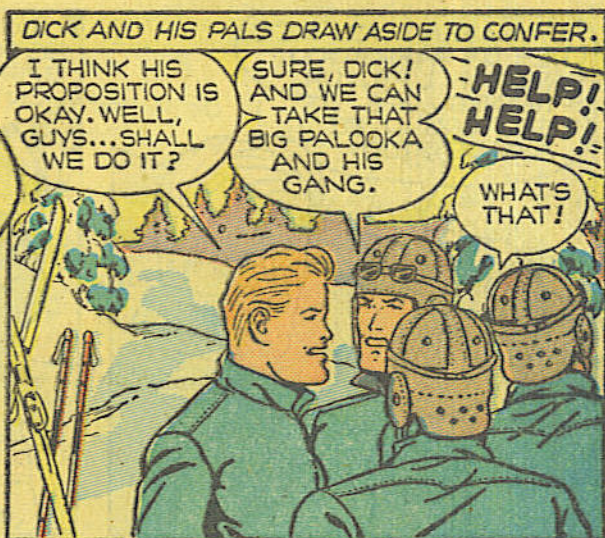
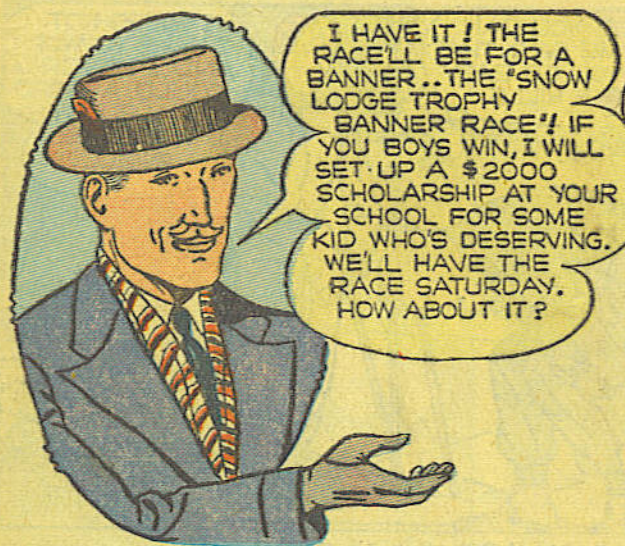
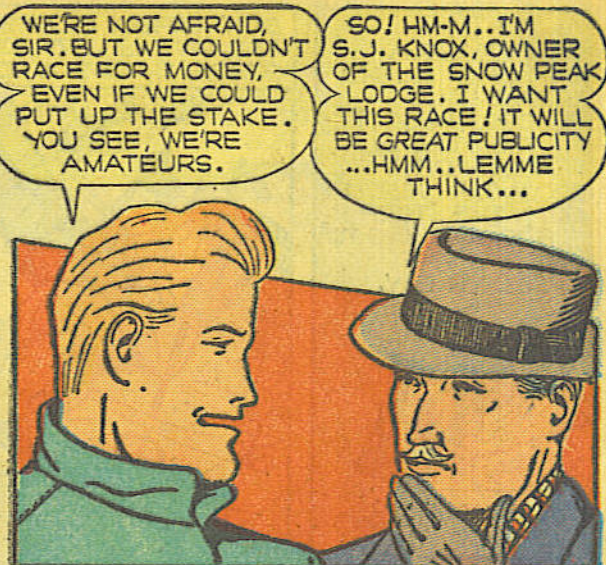


YOU'RE ON,
WET NOSE! ANY
TIME, FOR ONE
THOUSAND BUCKS!
PUT UP..OR
SHUT UP!

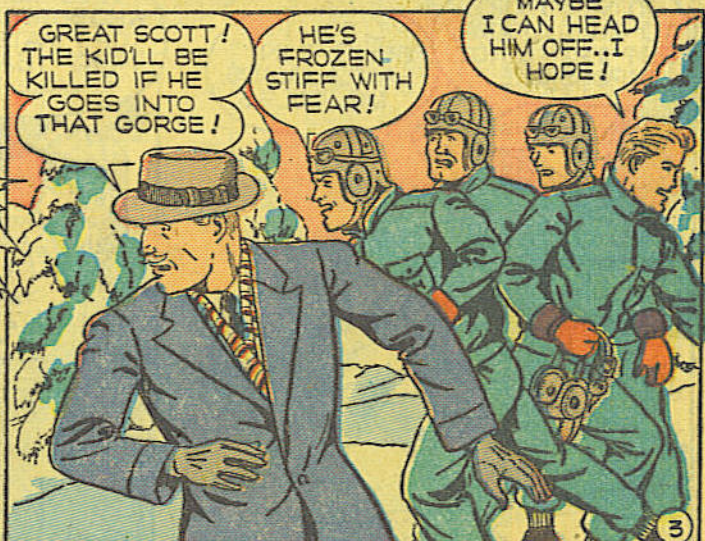
WOW! ONE
THOUSAND
BUCKS!
THAT'S OUT
OF OUR
LEAGUE!

HERE!
HERE!
WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT?





"CARROT" SMITH, LODGE BELLHOP, IS USING HIS LUNCH HOUR FOR A SELF-TAUGHT SKIING LESSON, WITH RESULTS PROMISING DISASTER.

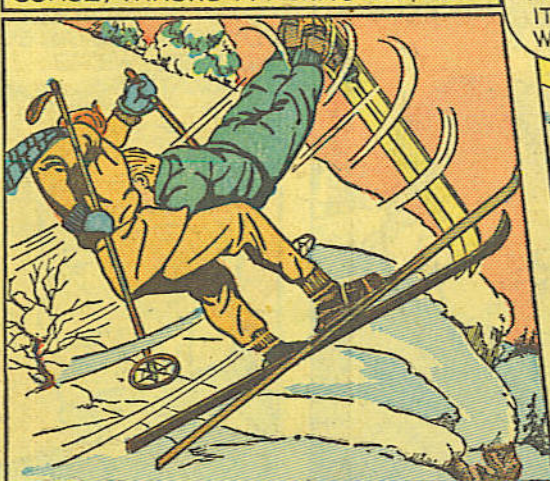


DICK GRABS A PAIR OF SKIS AND BREAKS ALL RECORDS IN GETTING THEM ON. IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, HE HURTTLES DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE, ANGLING TO CUT OFF THE SPEEDING BOY.



ANGER AREA
KEEP OUT

DICK RAPIDLY CLOSES WITH CARROT AND, ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE GORGE, THROWS A FLYING BLOCK.



NEXT TIME, LEARN WHAT MOST NEW SKIERS FORGET...HOW TO FALL. IT'S THE QUICKEST WAY TO STOP, YOUNG FELLOW!

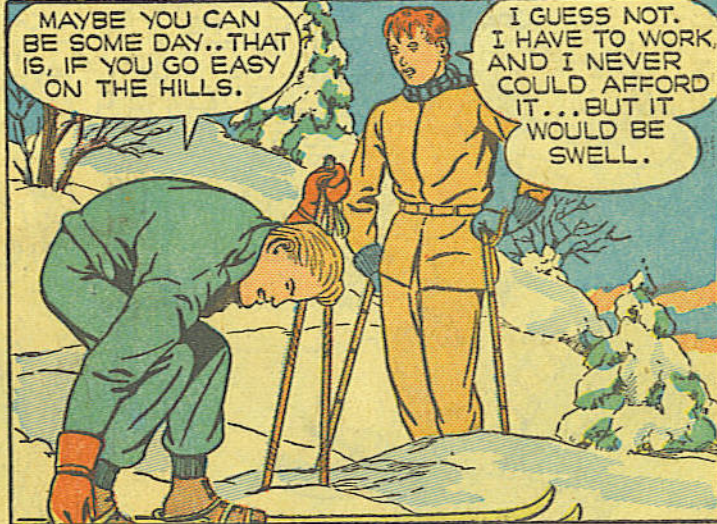


GEE! I WAS SO SCARED, I JUST COULDN'T DO ANYTHING!

SAY, AREN'T YOU DICK COLE OF FARR? YOU SAVED MY LIFE...UH, THANKS. GEE, I WISH I COULD BE A CADET, TOO.



MAYBE YOU CAN BE SOME DAY..THAT IS, IF YOU GO EASY ON THE HILLS.



I GUESS NOT. I HAVE TO WORK, AND I NEVER COULD AFFORD IT...BUT IT WOULD BE SWELL.

SO YOU'D LIKE TO GO TO FARR, EH? THAT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

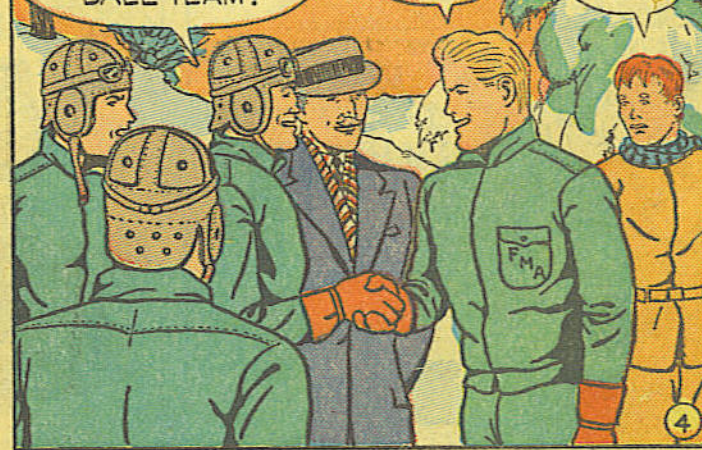
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, MR. COLE!

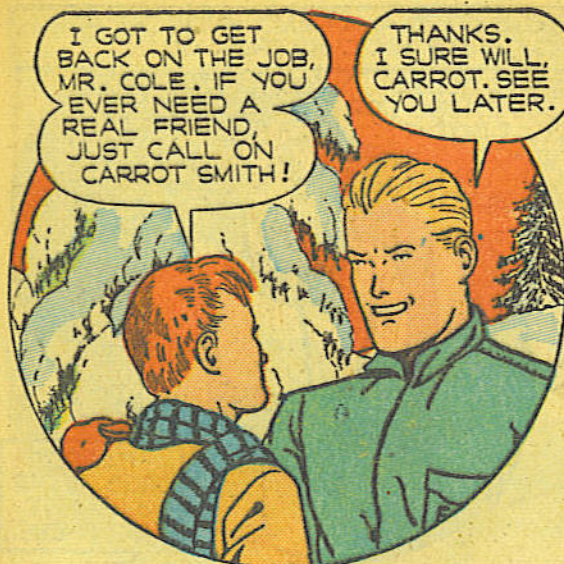


NICE GOIN', DICK! WHO'S THE CARROT TOP? MATERIAL FOR NEXT YEAR'S FOOT-BALL TEAM?

COULD BE, SIMBA. COULD BE!

GEE! I WISH I WAS!





ENTHUSED, THE FARR BOYS PRACTICE VIGOROUSLY UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON.



AS THE BOYS CLIMB FROM THE SLED, THE TIMER COMES UP.



JEPS HAS BEEN WATCHING HIS OPPONENTS WORK OUT.



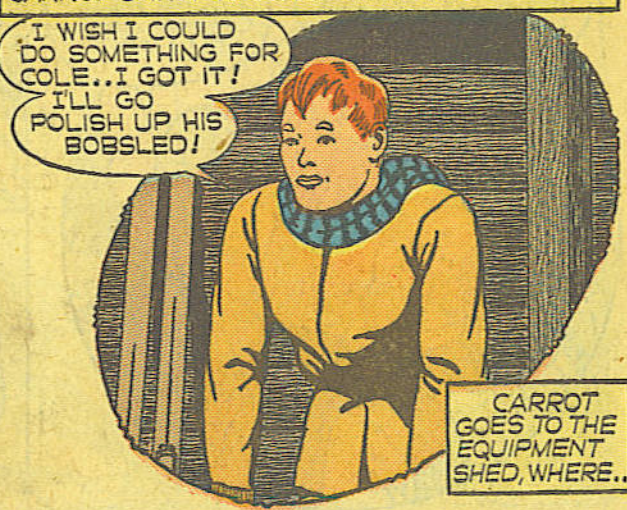
LATER AT THE LODGE.



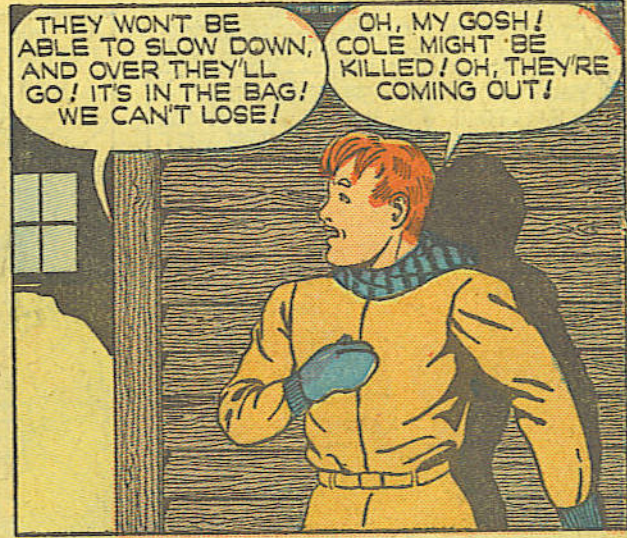
DICK AND HIS PALS, BEFORE RETURNING TO FARR, STOP AT THE LODGE OFFICE TO SEE MR. KNOX.



THE BOYS DRIVE AWAY AND, FROM THE PORCH, CARROT SMITH WATCHES THEM GO.



HE DISCOVERS OTHERS HAVE PRECEDED HIM..



1:30 P.M. SATURDAY. DICK AND HIS PALS ARE HEADED FOR THE STARTING POINT WHEN...

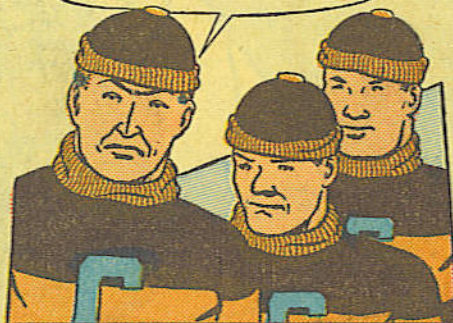


CARROT SEEMS
EXCITED / GO AHEAD,
FELLOWS. I'LL BE
RIGHT WITH YOU!



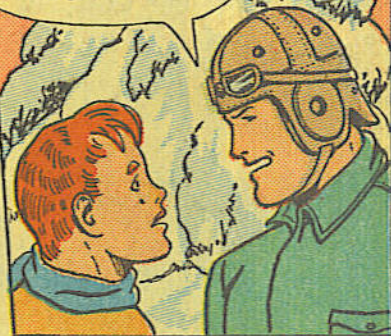
AND NEAR BY STAND JEPS
AND TWO OF HIS TEAMMATES.

THAT BRAT'S A SHARP
ONE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT
HE'S TELLIN' THAT CADET..
BUT I'VE A HUNCH WE
BETTER PUSSYFOOT
OVER THERE AND FIND
OUT...COME ON.



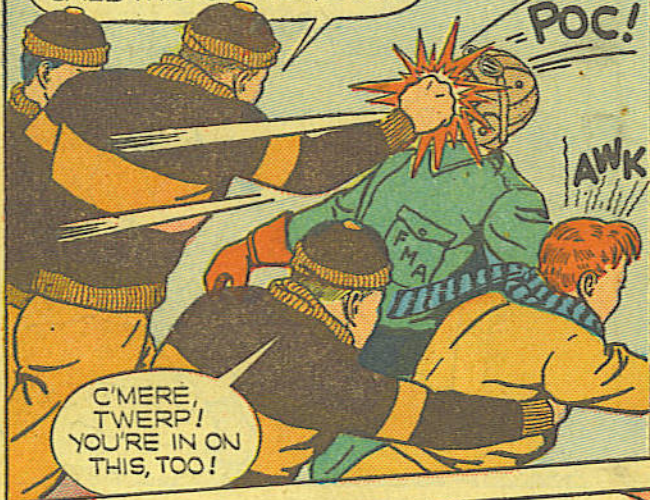
WHAT! THEY
WEAKENED OUR
BRAKE CABLE?!
THANKS A MILLION,
CARROT! BELIEVE
ME, THE CANNON-
BALLS WON'T GET
AWAY WITH ANY
ROUGH STUFF!

OH,
NO?



DICK TURNS AND CATCHES A TERRIFIC BLOW.

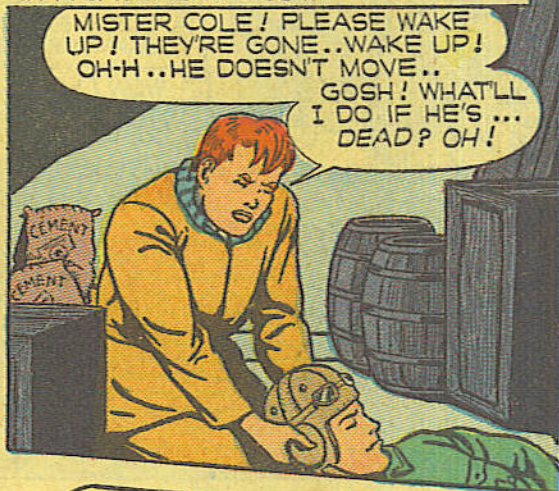
NO ROUGH STUFF? DYA
CALL THIS GENTLE, BUB?



C'MERE,
TWERP!
YOU'RE IN ON
THIS, TOO!

UNSEEN, THE CANNONBALLS CARRY
CARROT AND DICK THROUGH A REAR
DOOR OF THE LODGE AND LOCK THEM
IN A BASEMENT ROOM.

MISTER COLE! PLEASE WAKE
UP! THEY'RE GONE...WAKE UP!
OH-H...HE DOESN'T MOVE..
GOSH! WHAT'LL
I DO IF HE'S ...
DEAD? OH!



IT IS TEN
MINUTES
UNTIL
STARTING
TIME.

WE CAN'T
WAIT MUCH LONGER
FOR COLE! THE
CROWD IS GETTING
IMPATIENT.

I TOLD YOU
HE'S YELLOW..
THEY ALL ARE..
THERE WON'T BE
NO RACE, KNOX!



YELLOW
ARE WE! WE'LL
RACE YOU WITH
A THREE-MAN
TEAM, YOU
LUG!

YOU
TELL HIM,
BARK!

BUNK!



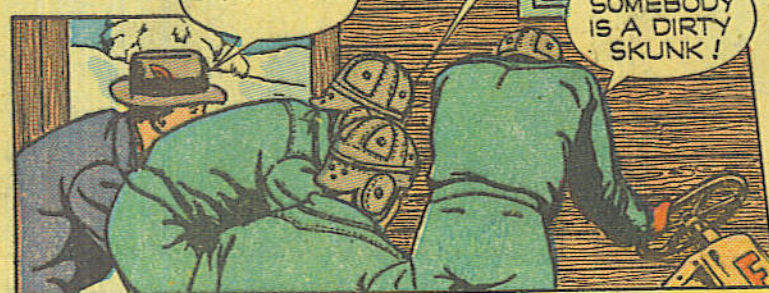
AH, GOOD!
THAT'S THE
SPIRIT, BOYS!
LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE.

WE CAN'T FORCE THE DOOR, AND THE WINDOWS TOO SMALL FOR ME. SO IT'S UP TO YOU, CARROT!



SHAMEFUL!



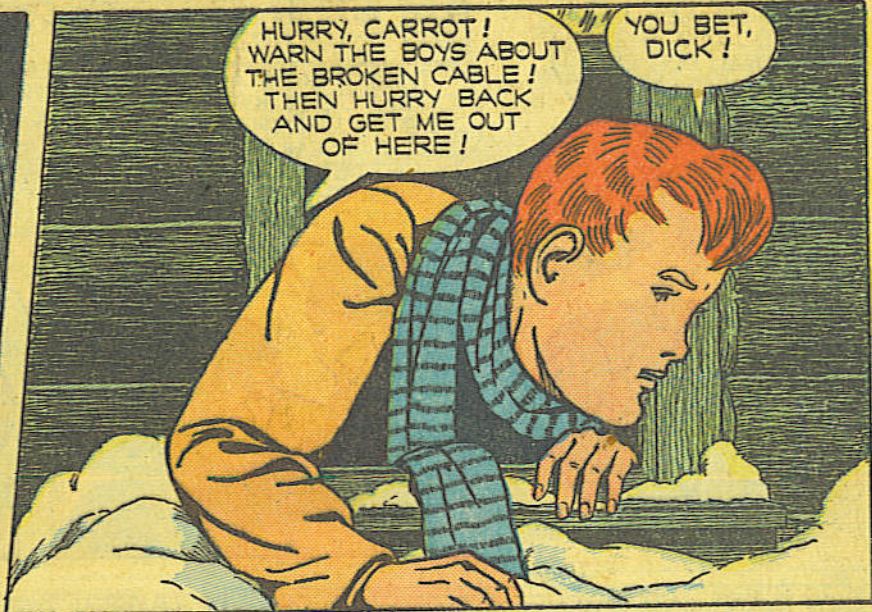
SOMEBODY IS A DIRTY SKUNK!

CARROT REACHES THE BOYS JUST IN TIME, AND A QUICK EXAMINATION CONFIRMS HIS STORY.

WOW! LOOK AT THAT! WE'D HAVE SPILLED FOR SURE AT KILLER CURVE!

HURRY, CARROT! WARN THE BOYS ABOUT THE BROKEN CABLE! THEN HURRY BACK AND GET ME OUT OF HERE!

YOU BET, DICK!



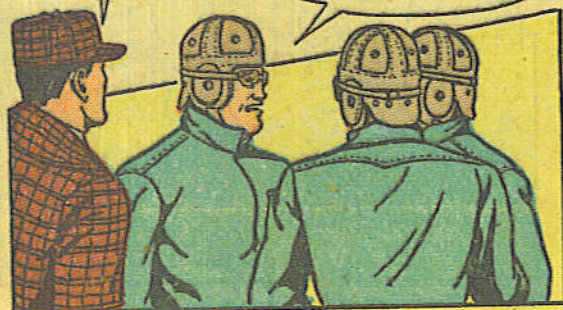
AS BARK FEVERISHLY REPAIRS THE CABLE, CARROT SPEEDS BACK TO DICK.

OH GEE! FOUR MINUTES UNTIL STARTING TIME! I GOTTA HURRY!



ALL RIGHT! TIME'S UP! YOU HAVE JUST ONE MINUTE TO GET SET!

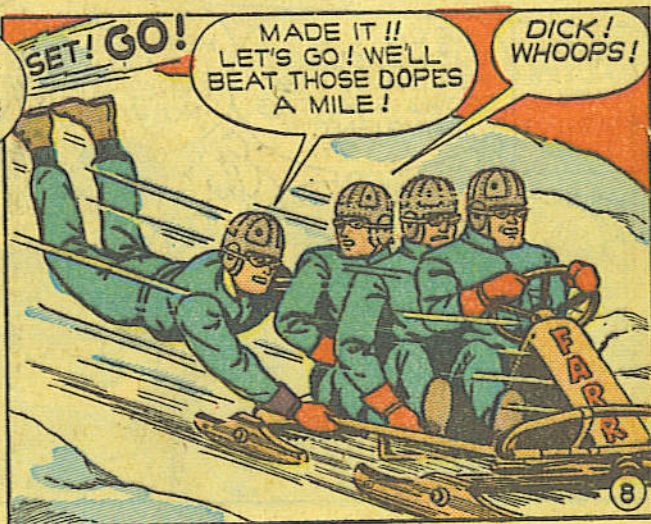
GOSH! HOW I WISH DICK WERE HERE! WELL, LET'S GO! BARK, YOU STEER, AND I'LL HANDLE THE BRAKE. WE GOTTA WIN.. FOR CARROT, DICK AND FARR! HEP!

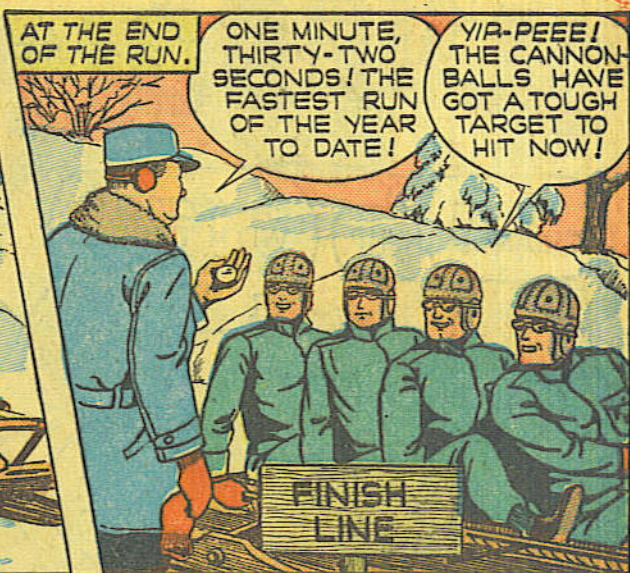


SET! GO!

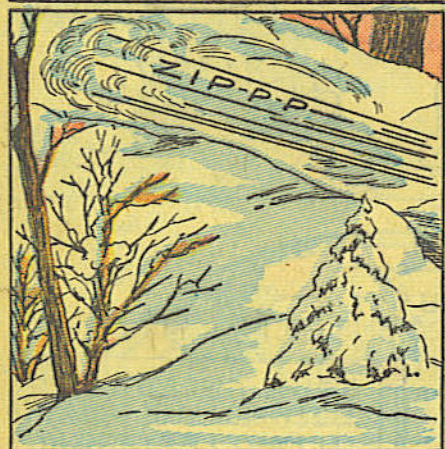
MADE IT!! LET'S GO! WE'LL BEAT THOSE DOPES A MILE!

DICK! WHOOPS!

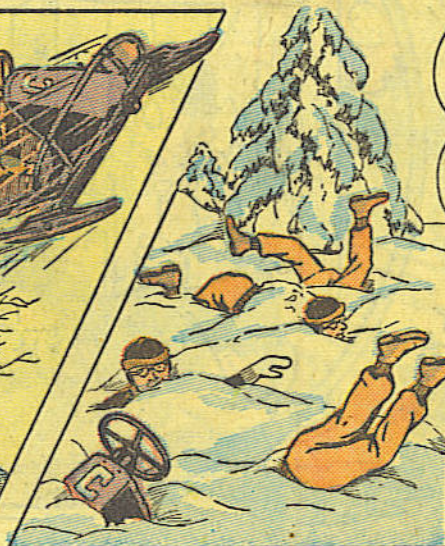




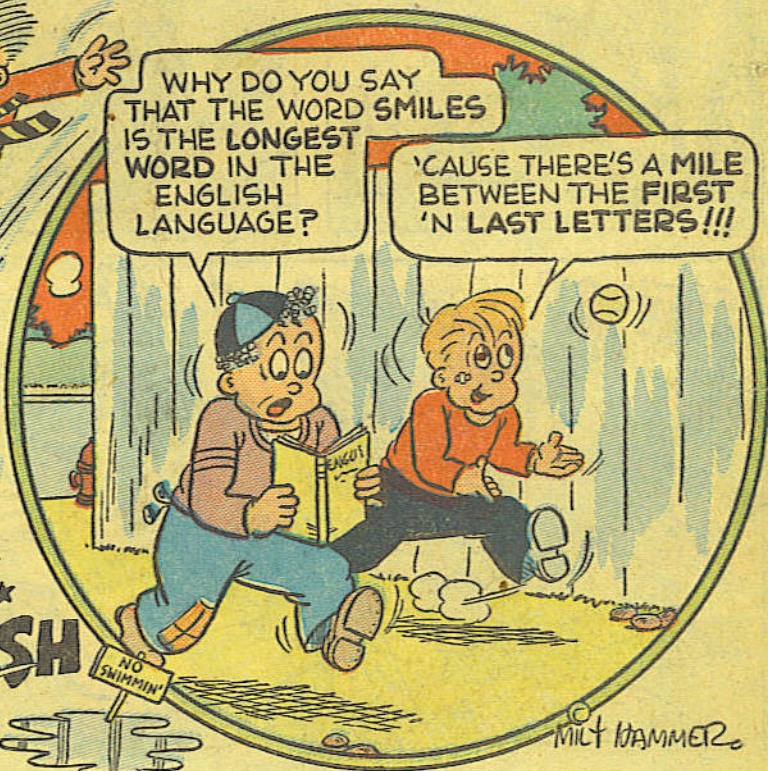
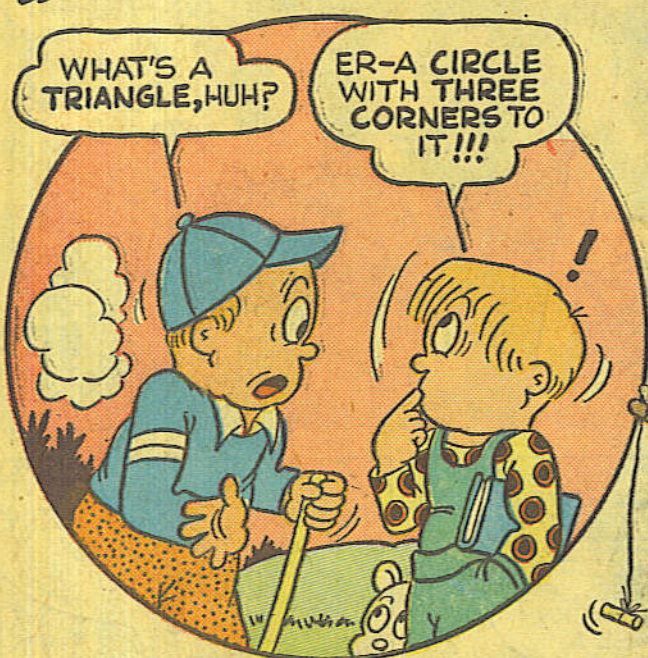
BACK AT THE STARTING POINT, THE CANNONBALLS ARE OFF TO A FLYING START.



JEPS AT THE WHEEL, THEY ZOOM RECKLESSLY DOWN THE HILL.



BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



RICK RICHARDS

IN CENTRAL AMERICA, RICK RICHARDS—ADVENTUROUS HEAD OF WORLD-WIDE INDUSTRIES, MEETS A SINISTER WOMAN WHO WEEPS FOR THE PAST WHILE SHE CRAFTILY PLOTS FOR THE FUTURE—AT RICK'S EXPENSE!

AT HEADQUARTERS OF RICHARDS ENTERPRISES, INC. ---

PRODUCTION AT THE CORTEZ VALLEY BANANA PLANTATION HAS DROPPED SHARPLY---

TELEGRAM FOR MR. RICHARDS!

HERE, BOY!

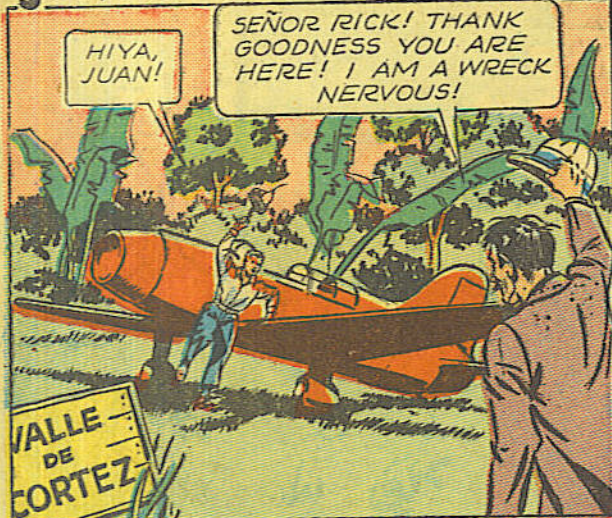
DEATH DEVIL! WHAT KIND OF SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE IS THIS?

CALL THE AIRPORT TO HAVE MY PLANE READY, MISS WALKER! I'M FLYING TO CENTRAL AMERICA!

WESTERN UNION
CABLE
MR. RICK RICHARDS
RICHARDS ENTERPRISES
NEW YORK CITY
COME IMMEDIATELY STOP
BANANA CROPS WITHERIN
STOP TOLTAN THE DEATH
DEVIL INVOLVED STOP
JUAN NENON
PLANTATION M.

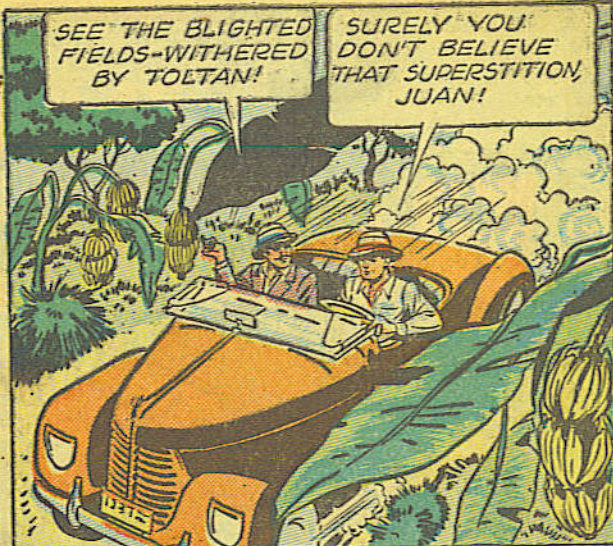
BLUE BOLT

SOON, AFTER A SPEEDY AIR HOP--



HIYA, JUAN!

SEÑOR RICK! THANK GOODNESS YOU ARE HERE! I AM A WRECK NERVOUS!



SEE THE BLIGHTED FIELDS--WITHERED BY TOLTAN!

SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT SUPERSTITION, JUAN!



ER--OF COURSE NOT! I--I AM TOO INTELLIGENT, BUT THE IGNORANT PEASANTS INSIST THEY SAW TOLTAN! THEY REFUSE TO WORK!



WHY AREN'T YOU FELLOWS AT WORK?

TOLTAN--HE WEEEL KEEL US, SEÑOR! WE STAY HERE!

THEY ARE STUBBORN --AND THE CROPS ARE WITHERING AWAY!



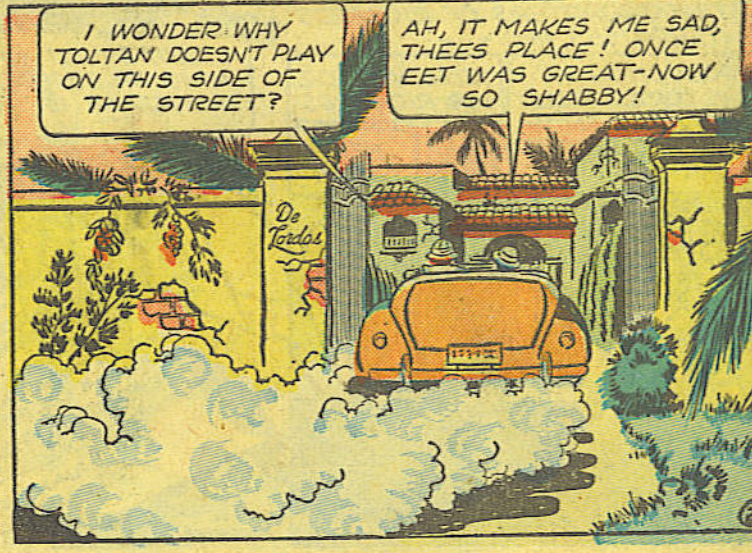
ARE WE THE ONLY PLANTATION TO HAVE THIS TROUBLE?

THE ONLY OTHER PLANTATION IN CORTEZ VALLEY BELONGS TO INEZ DE LORDOS-- SHE HAS MADE NO COMPLAINTS!



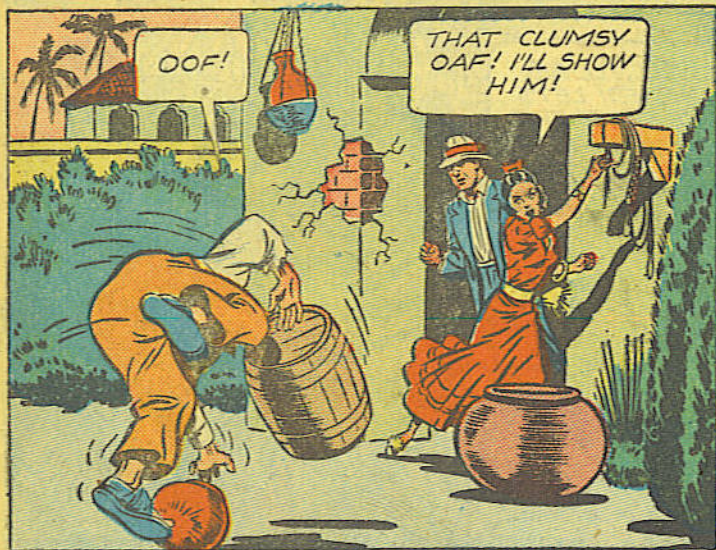
HAVE A LEMON DROP, SEÑOR RICK. THEY ARE GOOD FOR WHAT AILS ME!

WHAT AILS ME IS THIS PHONY. DEATH-DEVIL NONSENSE! LET'S VISIT THE SEÑORITA!



I WONDER WHY TOLTAN DOESN'T PLAY ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET?

AH, IT MAKES ME SAD, THEES PLACE! ONCE EET WAS GREAT--NOW SO SHABBY!

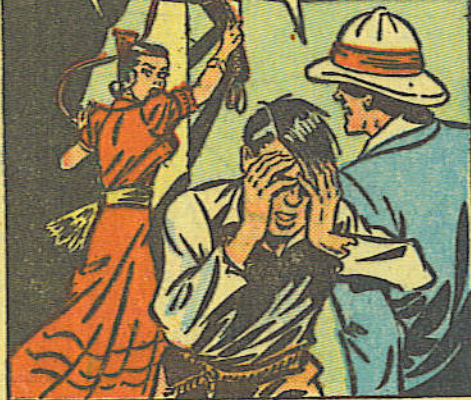


WHEN! WHAT
FUMES! THESE KEGS
MUST BE FULL OF
ACID!



THESE CLUMSY
SERVANTS MUST
BE TREATED
FIRMLY!

JUAN AND
I MUST LEAVE
NOW, SEÑORITA-
BUT WE'LL MEET
AGAIN SOON!



SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL,
BUT CRUEL!

WHEN IN
DOUBT, HAVE
A LEMON
DROP!



LATER, ON RICK'S
PLANTATION--

SEE HOW
SHRIVELED
THESE POOR
PLANTS ARE!

SMELL ONE
OF THESE
LEAVES!



MMPH! THAT
EES STRONG!

CERTAINLY! AN ACID
SPRAY HAS KILLED THESE
CROPS--AND INEZ DE
LORDOS HAS THE ACID!
THAT ELIMINATES
YOUR IMAGINARY
DEATH DEVIL, TOLTAN!

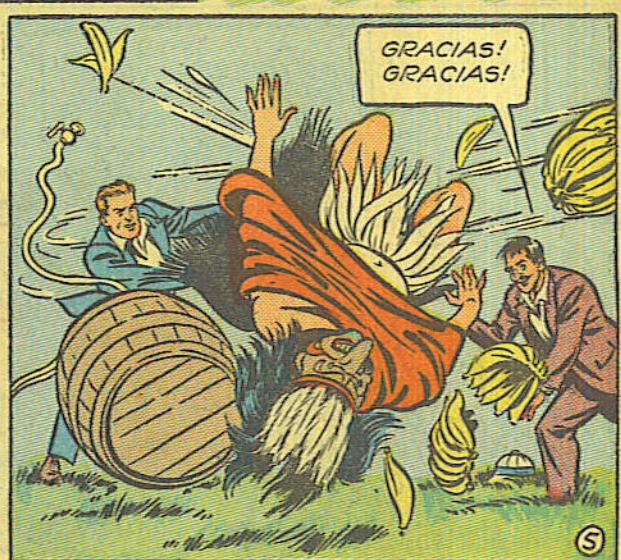
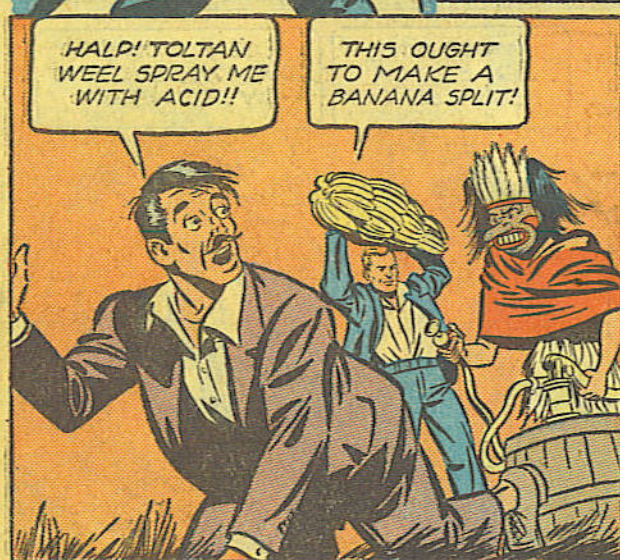
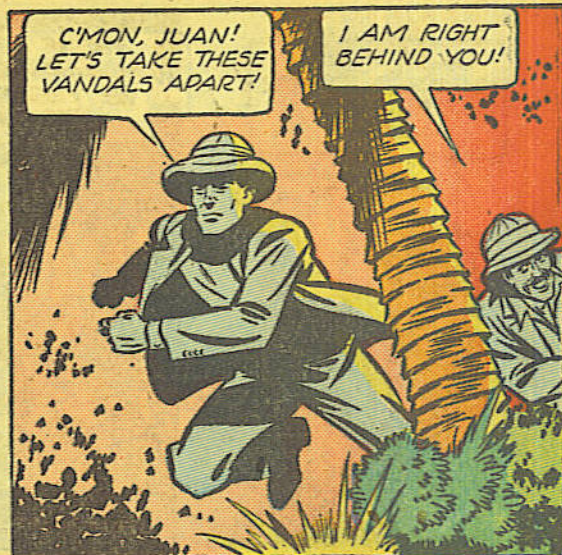


BUT L-LOOK,
SEÑOR! THERE
EES TOLTAN!

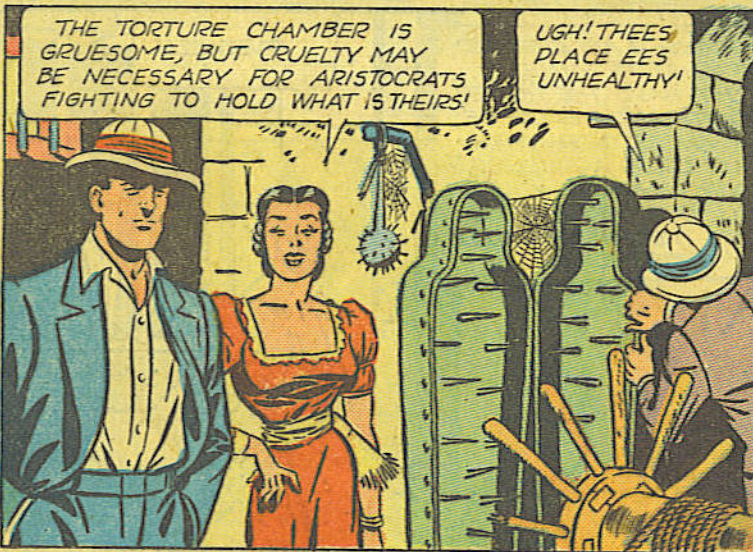
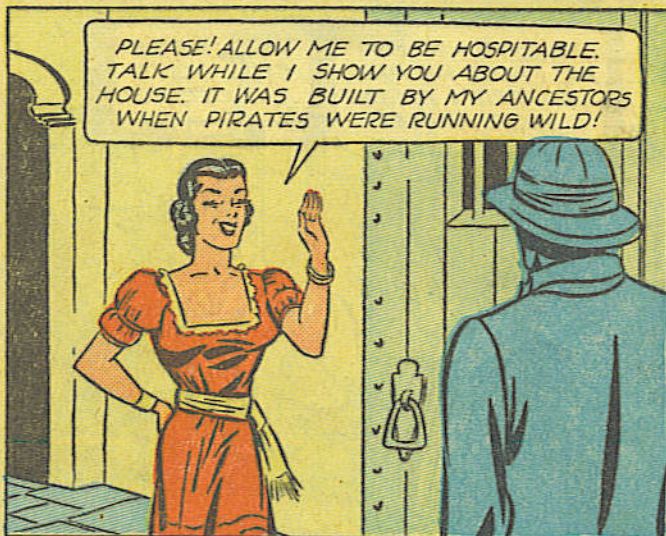
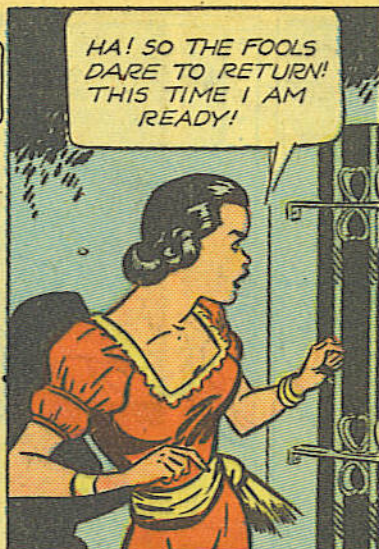


WELL, I'LL BE
DARNED! LET'S
SEE WHAT THE
OLD BOY'S UP TO!





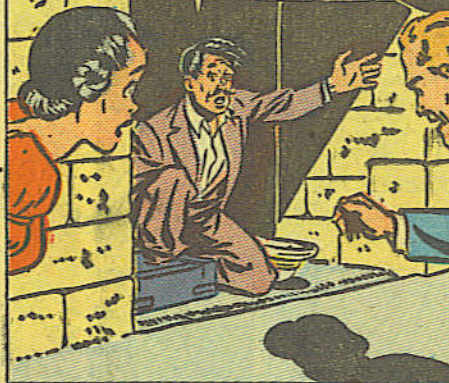




HELP, SEÑOR
RICK! I AM CAUGHT
IN ZEE TRAP!



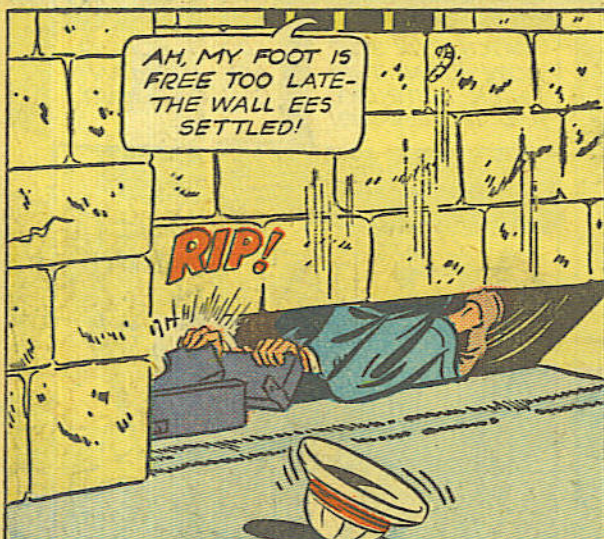
NOW ZEE WALL
IS DESCENDING!
I'LL BE IN A
DUNGEON!



LOOKS BAD BUT
I'LL HAVE TO
TRY TO HELP
HIM!



AH, MY FOOT IS
FREE TOO LATE-
THE WALL EES
SETTLED!



FORGIVE ME! FOR
MY FAULT WE ARE
TRAPPED! I FORGOT
YOUR ADVICE!



WELL, WE'RE
STILL ALIVE
AND KICKING!



BUT NOT FOR
LONG! YOU WILL
ROT HERE! MY
ANCESTORS
PLANNED WELL!

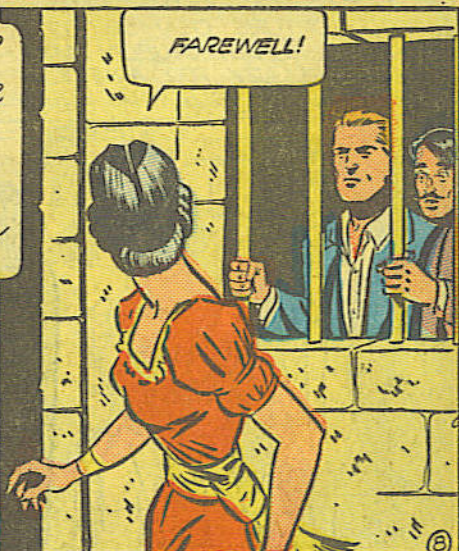
WHAT'S EATING
YOU, LADY? WHY
DESTROY MY
CROPS, AND ME
TOO?



BECAUSE I AM CHEATED
OF WHAT IS MINE! I
MUST HAVE THE POWER,
BEAUTY AND WEALTH OF
MY ANCESTORS! WITH
YOUR CROPS A FAILURE,
YOUR COMPANY WILL
SELL OUT CHEAPLY! I'LL
OWN THE ENTIRE VALLEY
ONCE MORE!

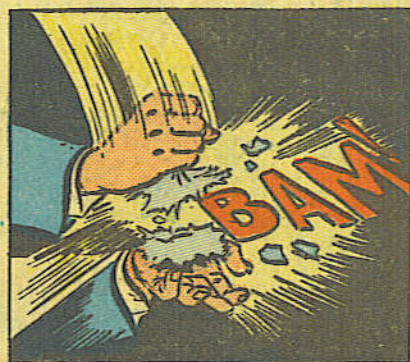


FAREWELL!





RICK TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS STRANGE PHYSICAL QUIRK, RESULT OF AN OLD WOUND--HIS BODY FLOODS WITH ADRENAL POWER--WHenever HE HEARS A SUDDEN LOUD NOISE!





AH! I CAN REACH THE HANDLE!

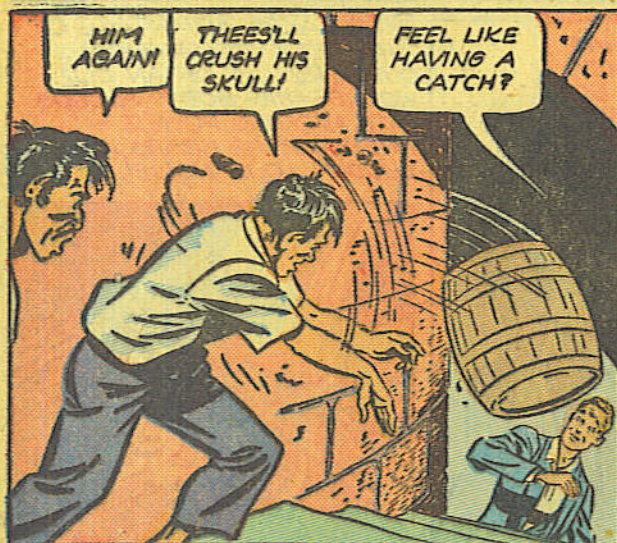


LET'S GO HOME FAST!

FIRST WE'LL PICK UP THE SEÑORITA FOR THE POLICE!



LOOK OUT, JUAN! THEY'LL SEE US!



HIM AGAIN!

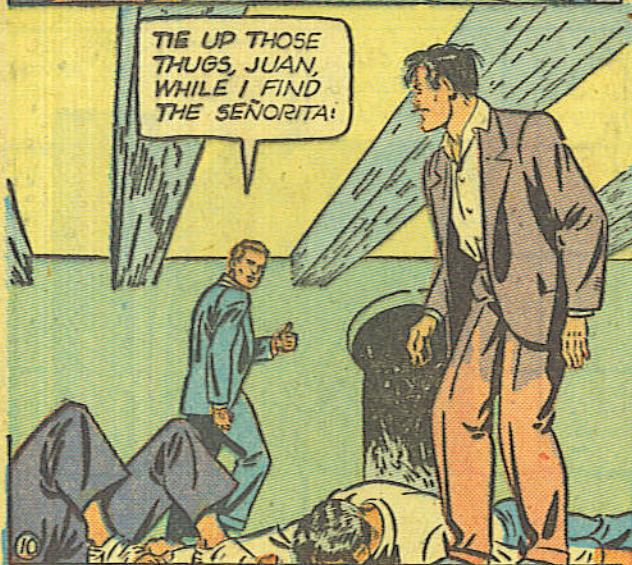
THEY'LL CRUSH HIS SKULL!

FEEL LIKE HAVING A CATCH?

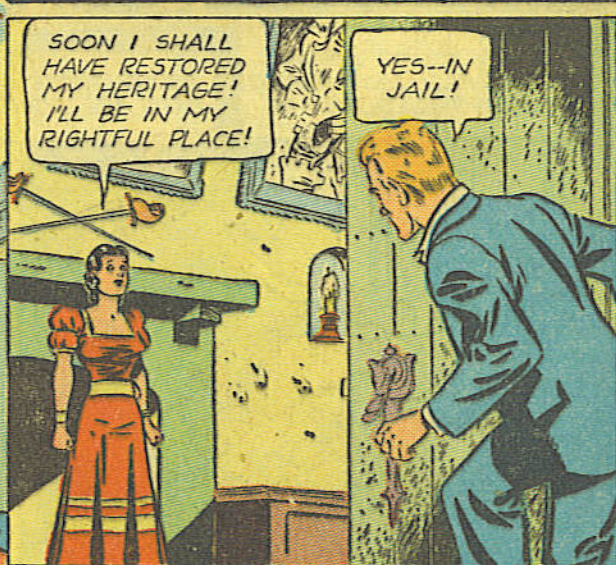


GOOF!

HA! THEY ARE PLAYING WITH THE WRONG MEN!



TIE UP THOSE THUGS, JUAN, WHILE I FIND THE SEÑORITA!



SOON I SHALL HAVE RESTORED MY HERITAGE! I'LL BE IN MY RIGHTFUL PLACE!

YES--IN JAIL!

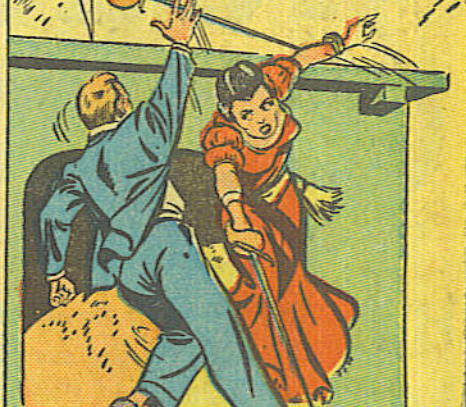
HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?

I'LL TELL YOU IN COURT!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SQUEAMISH! I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU IN COLD BLOOD NOW!

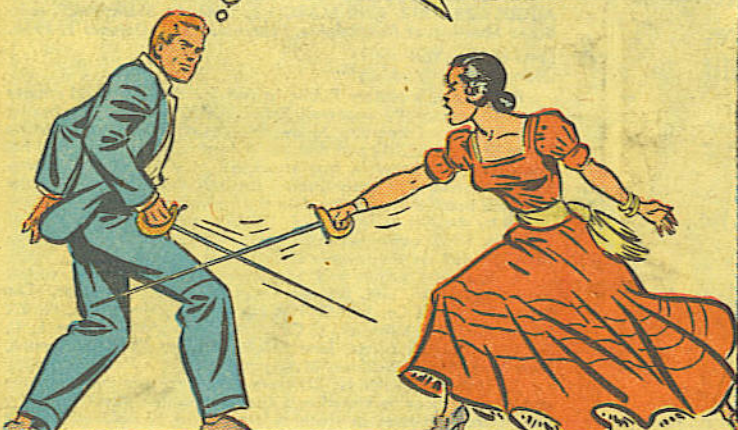
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT OVER MY DEAD BODY!

I DISLIKE THE IDEA OF DUELLING WITH A WOMAN-- BUT THE THOUGHT OF BEING STABBED DOESN'T APPEAL TO ME!



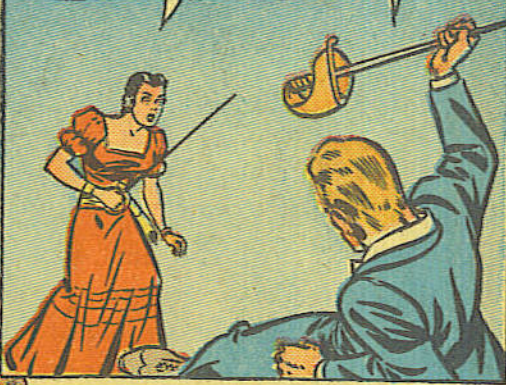
WOW! SHE'S PLENTY GOOD!

I SHALL KEEL YOU, YANKEE! I HAVE BEEN FENCING ALL MY LIFE!

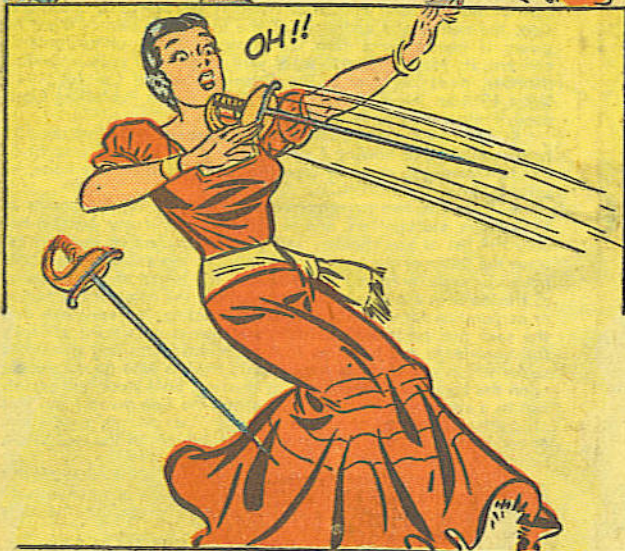


RICK SLIPS!
AH! I SHALL EARN MY RIGHT TO THIS VALLEY WITH THE SWORDS, JUST AS THE DONS DID!

"IF I DON'T DO THIS, SOMEONE WILL BE KILLED."

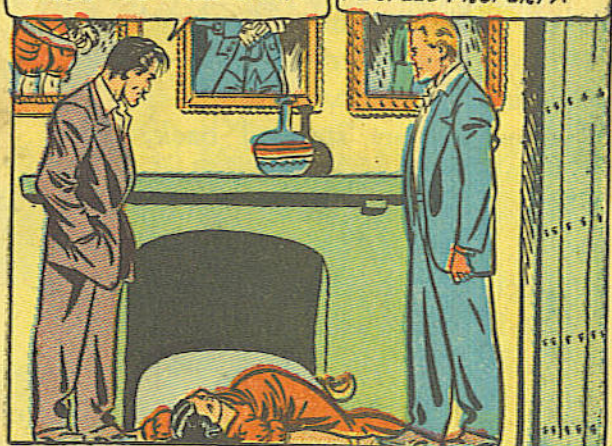


OH!!

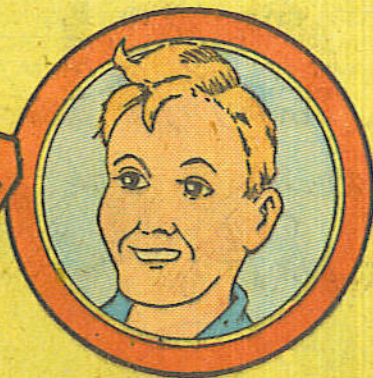


I CALLED THE POLICE, AND I FOUND THE TOLTAN COSTUME! PRODUCTION WEEL SOON BE OKAY!

WHEN SHE COMES TO, SHE'LL START LEARNING TO RESPECT OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.



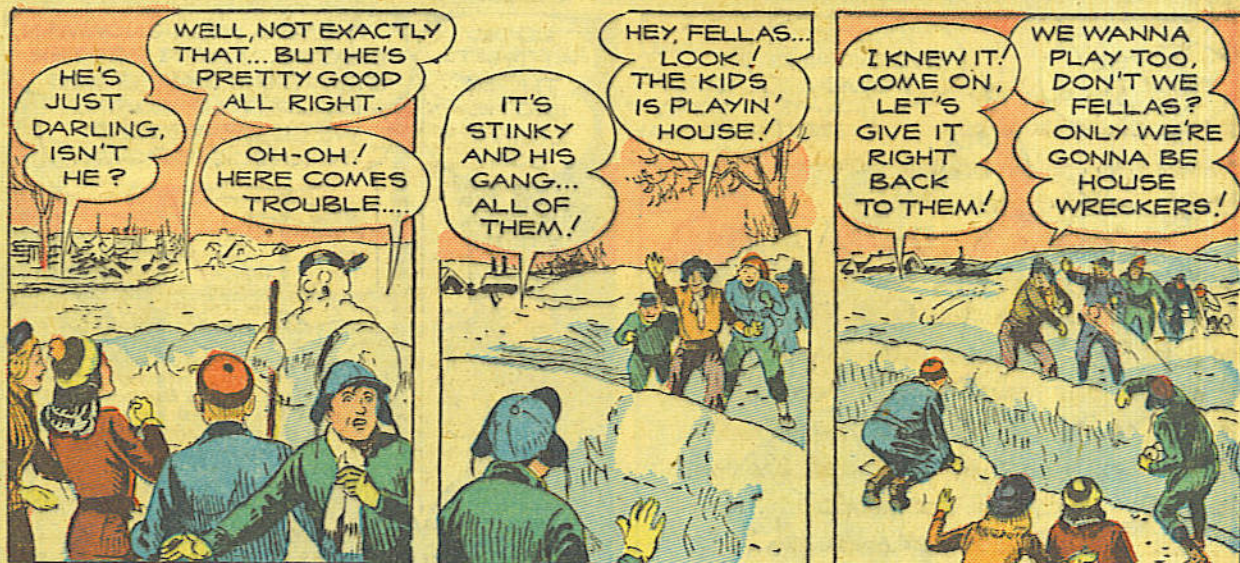
Edison Bell



HOW DOES IT LOOK NOW, JERRY?

WAIT TILL I GET THIS PART SMOOTHED OUT.

IT'S SUPER, MY FRIENDS... SUPER-DOOPER. BEST SNOWMAN I'VE EVER SEEN.



HE'S JUST DARLING, ISN'T HE?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY THAT... BUT HE'S PRETTY GOOD ALL RIGHT.

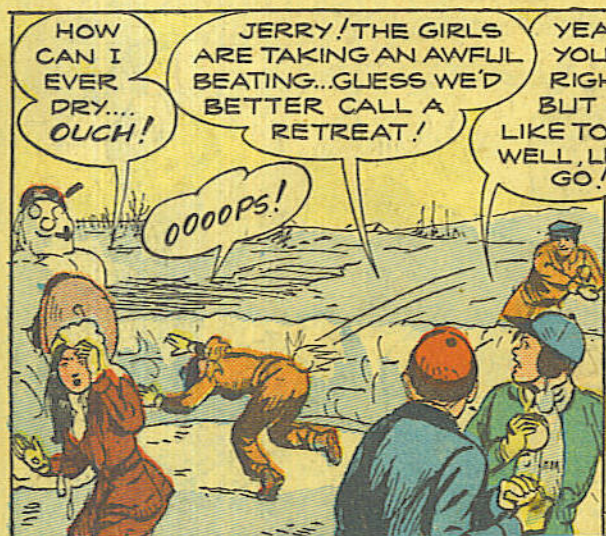
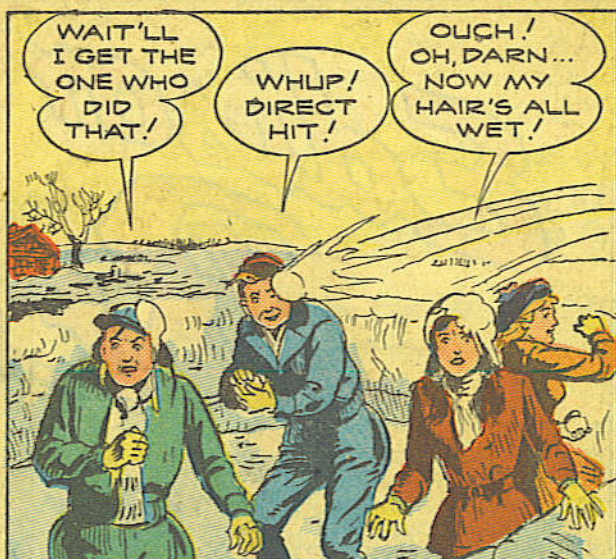
OH-OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE...

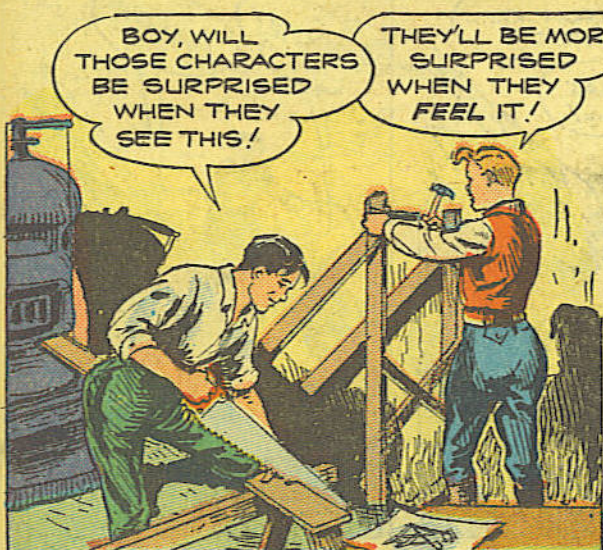
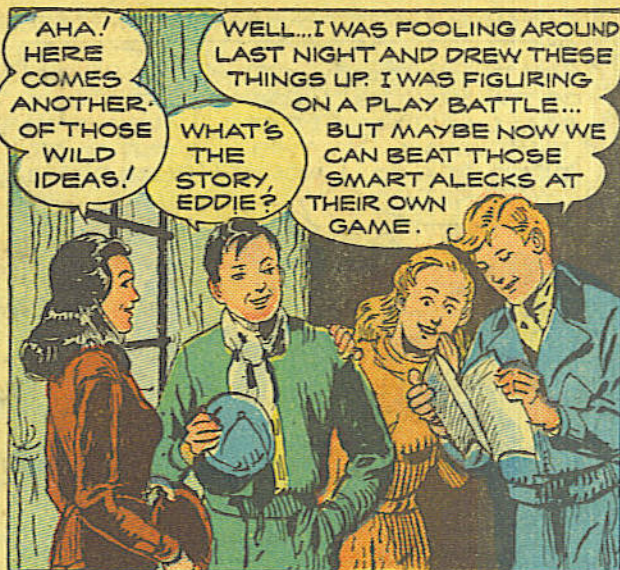
IT'S STINKY AND HIS GANG... ALL OF THEM!

HEY, FELLAS... LOOK! THE KIDS IS PLAYIN' HOUSE!

I KNEW IT! COME ON, LET'S GIVE IT RIGHT BACK TO THEM!

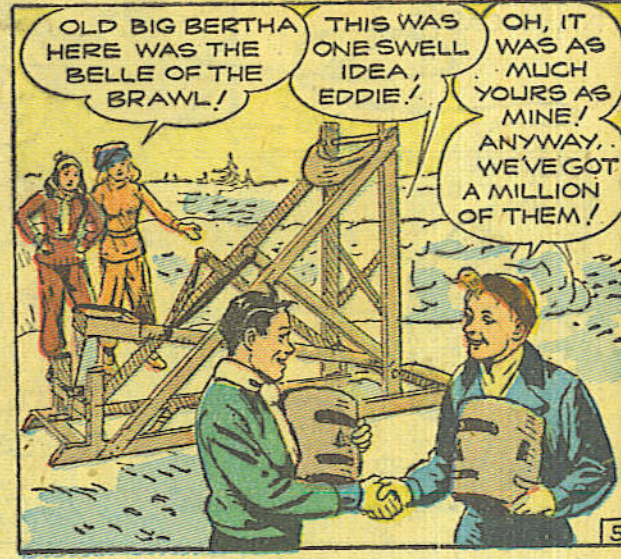
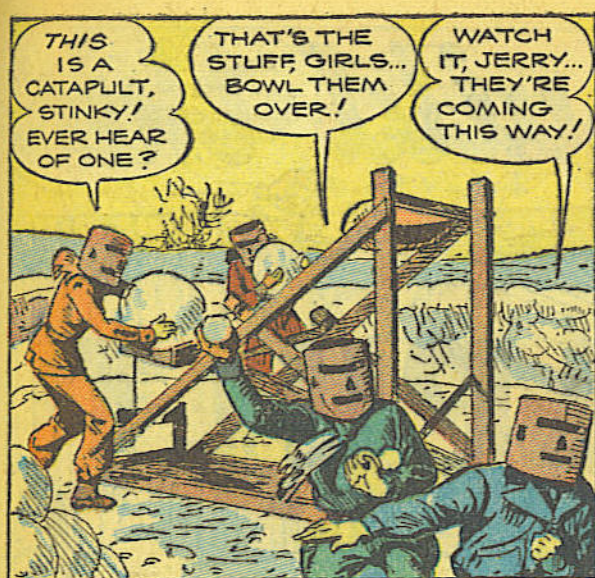
WE WANNA PLAY TOO, DON'T WE FELLAS? ONLY WE'RE GONNA BE HOUSE WRECKERS!



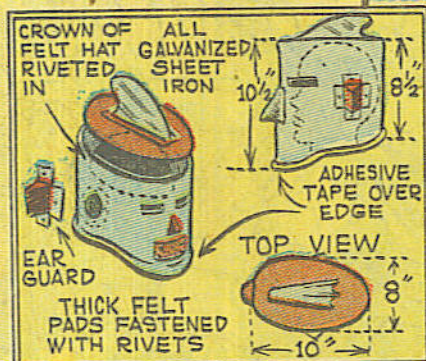
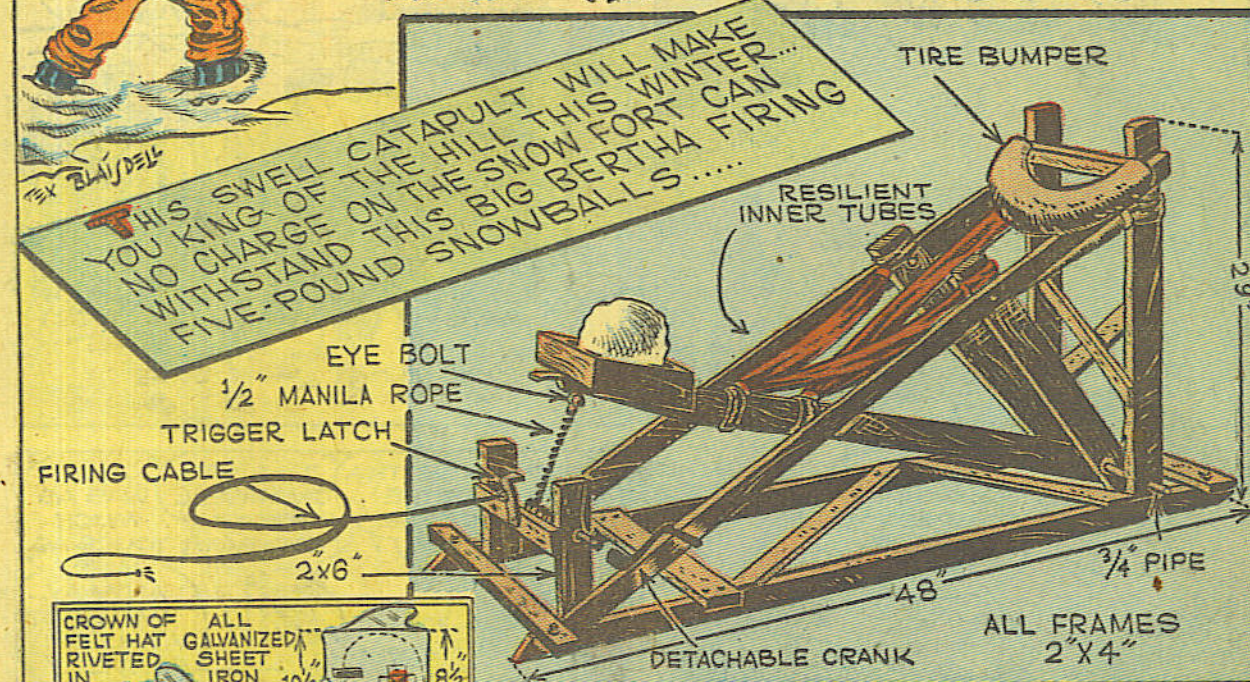


NEXT MORNING, DEFENSES ARE COMPLETE.





you can build this

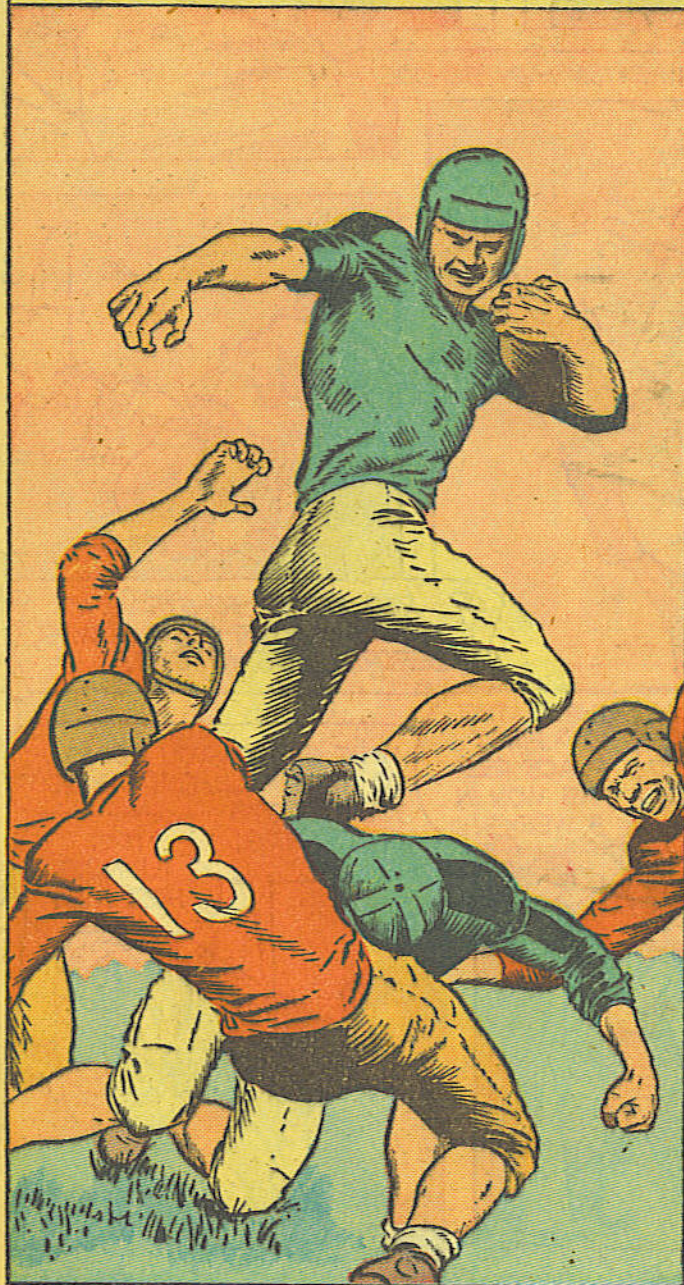


THIS NIFTY SNOW HELMET WILL MAKE YOU ALMOST INVULNERABLE TO ENEMY SNOWBALLS.....
PAIN'T THE HELMET A DULL WHITE TO CAMOUFLAGE IT...

A MINIATURE MODEL OF THE CATAPULT MAY BE MADE BY REDUCING THE DIMENSIONS..

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES

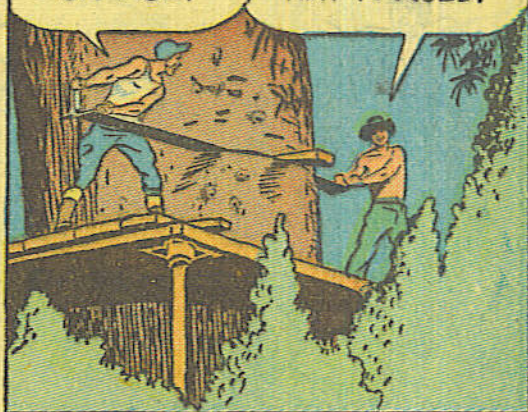
EVERYBODY KNOWS THE LOCAL ICEMAN, BUT THE GREATEST ICEMAN OF THEM ALL WAS THE "GALLOPING GHOST" OF WHEATON, ILL.



HAROLD "RED" GRANGE WAS BORN IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, PA.

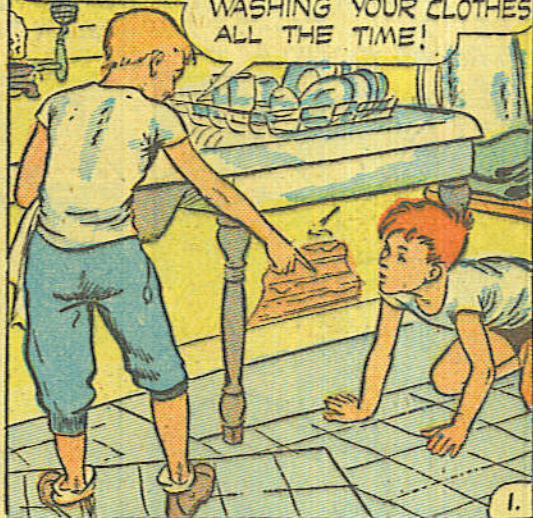
HEARD YOUR WIFE HAD A BABY BOY, GRANGE!

YEP. HUSKY LITTLE FELLA! WE'RE NAMING HIM HAROLD!



RED'S MOTHER DIED WHEN HE WAS FIVE, AND THE FAMILY MOVED TO WHEATON, ILLINOIS.

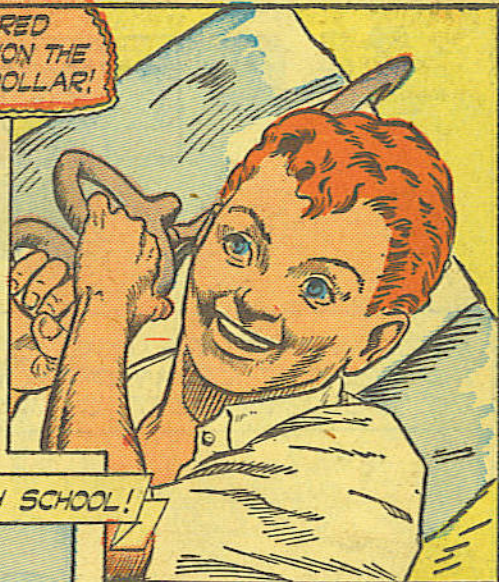
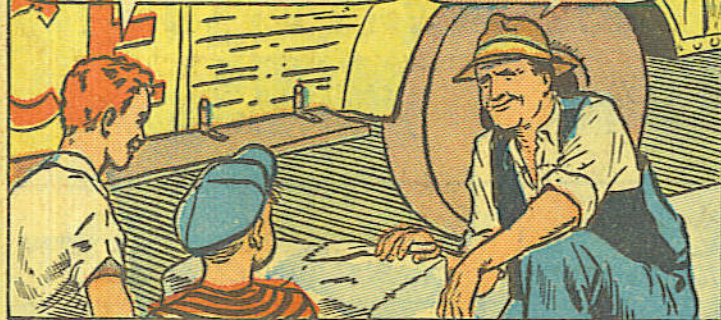
YOU KEEP CLEAN NOW. I CAN'T BE WASHING YOUR CLOTHES ALL THE TIME!



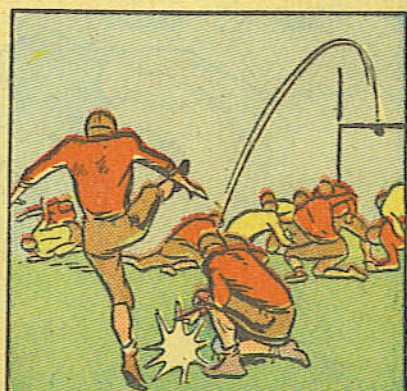
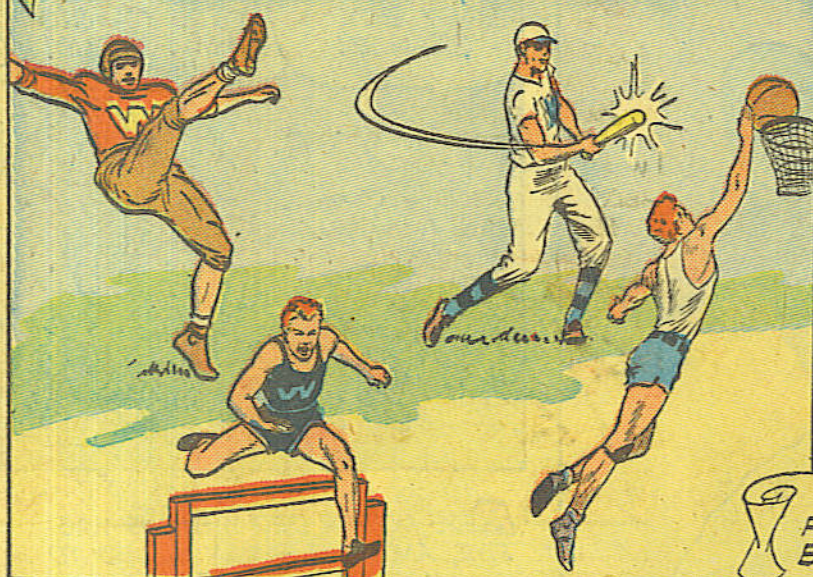
I'M ONLY FOURTEEN,
BUT I BET I CAN LIFT
THAT 100 POUNDS OF ICE
TO MY SHOULDER!

OH YEAH?
I'LL GIVE YOU
A DOLLAR
IF YOU DO IT!

RED
WON THE
DOLLAR!

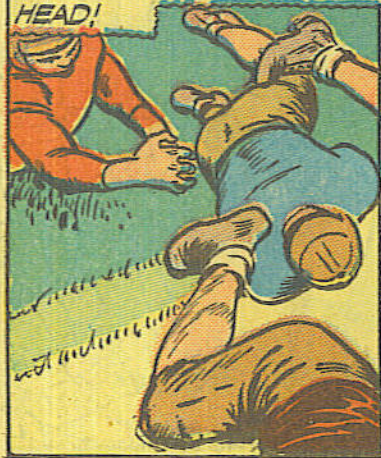


RED WAS A 4-LETTER-MAN AT WHEATON HIGH SCHOOL!



RED KICKED 30-STRAIGHT
POINTS--AFTER-TOUCHDOWNS,
BEFORE MISSING ONE!

IN RED'S THREE SEASONS
WITH WHEATON, THE TEAM
LOST ONLY ONCE--THE TIME
RED WAS KICKED IN THE
HEAD!



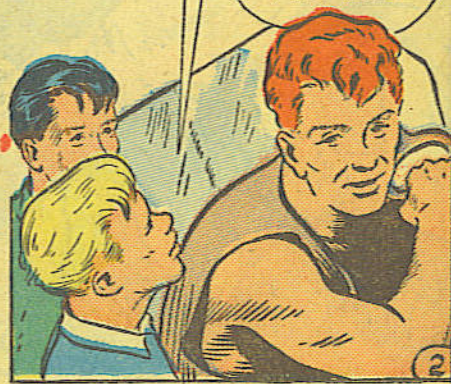
HIS TERRIFIC
SPEED HELPED
RED IN TRACK
TOO.



THAT'S THE
19TH FIRST
PLACE RED
HAS WON IN
3 WEEKS!

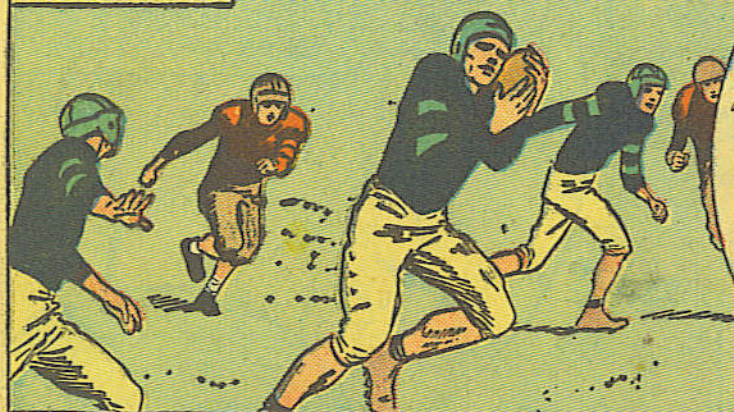
WHAT SCHOOL YOU GOING
TO THIS FALL, RED? GUESS
YOU'VE LOTS
OF OFFERS!

IT'S
ILLINOIS
FOR ME!



Q QUESTION No. 12. Red Grange is making what type of kick in panel 4?

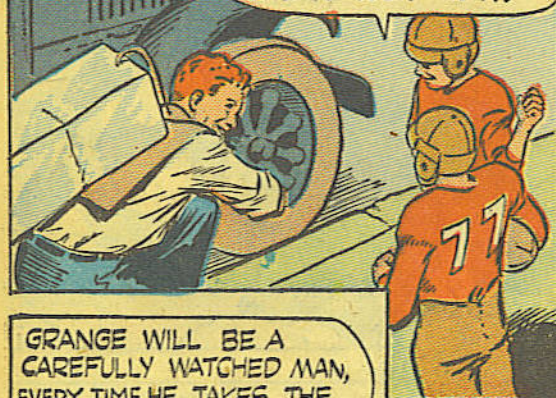
DURING HIS FIRST VARSITY SEASON, RED SCORED 72 POINTS AGAINST TOUGH "BIG TEN" CONFERENCE OPPOSITION.



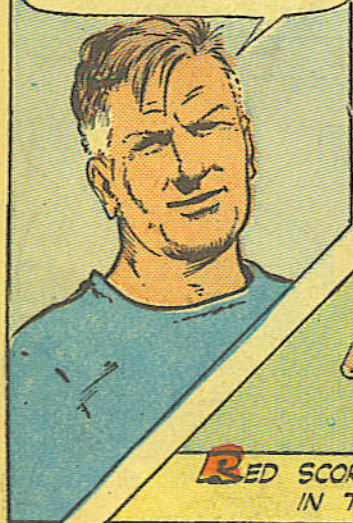
--ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN FOR GRANGE! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LIGHTNING SPEED, SUDDEN SWERVING, BODY-TWISTING, SIDE-STEPPING AND JAW-BREAKING STRAIGHT-ARMING. THAT BOY'S GOT EVERYTHING!



WE CALL OURSELVES THE "GALLOPING GHOSTS," LIKE YOU'RE CALLED. WE WEAR YOUR NO. 77!

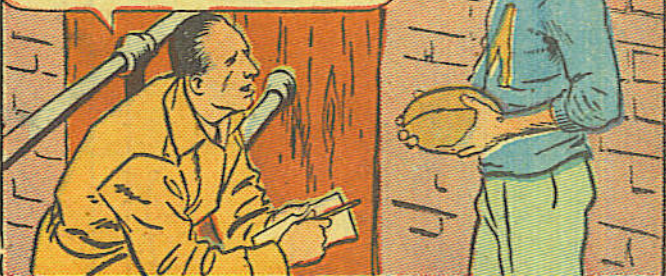


GRANGE WILL BE A CAREFULLY WATCHED MAN, EVERY TIME HE TAKES THE BALL. THERE WILL BE 11 CLEAN, HARD TACKLERS HEADED FOR HIM AT THE SAME TIME!

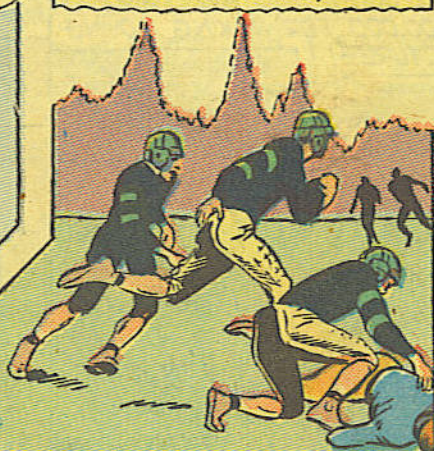


THAT SUMMER (1924), A REPORTER INTERVIEWED FIELDING YOST, FAMOUS MICHIGAN COACH---

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT GRANGE WHEN ILLINOIS PLAYS MICHIGAN THIS FALL?



THE ILLINOIS-MICHIGAN GAME! RED RAN BACK THE KICK-OFF 100 YARDS!



RED SCORED 4 TOUCHDOWNS IN TEN MINUTES!

IN 3 GAMES ALONE--AGAINST IOWA, CHICAGO, AND MICHIGAN, RED SCORED 10 TOUCHDOWNS AND CARRIED THE BALL OVER 800 YARDS!



HURRY UP, WILL YOU, FELLOWS! I MAY BE ALL-AMERICAN, BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK FOR A LIVING!

BY THE TIME THE 1925 SEASON STARTED, RED HAD BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS MAN IN AMERICA!

SIGN WITH ME, RED!
I'LL GET YOU \$200 A
WEEK, ON THE
STAGE!

NO. SIGN WITH
ME! I'LL GET YOU
IN THE MOVIES!

THE GRANGES SURE COULD USE
MONEY! BUT I'VE GOT MY OBLIGA-
TIONS TO THE U. OF ILLINOIS. I'M
PLAYING OUT THE SEASON!
COME AROUND THEN!

RED'S LAST GAME WAS AGAINST THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNA. ILLINOIS WINNING
24-2!

RED JUST THREW
ANOTHER T.D. PASS!
TOO BAD HE'S TURNING
PRO NEXT WEEK!

WHY? HE'S GOT
THE RIGHT TO
MAKE SOME
MONEY!

RED WENT ON AN
EXHIBITION TOUR
AROUND THE COUNTRY!

HERE HE IS, BOYS!
GIVE HIM THE WORKS!

GREEDY MANAGERS CONTRACTED
RED TO PLAY TOO MANY
GAMES.

MY 5th GAME IN 6
DAYS! BOY, I'M TIRED!

IT IS ESTIMATED RED MADE
\$200,000 IN FOOTBALL, AND
\$300,000 FOR MAKING MOVING
PICTURES!

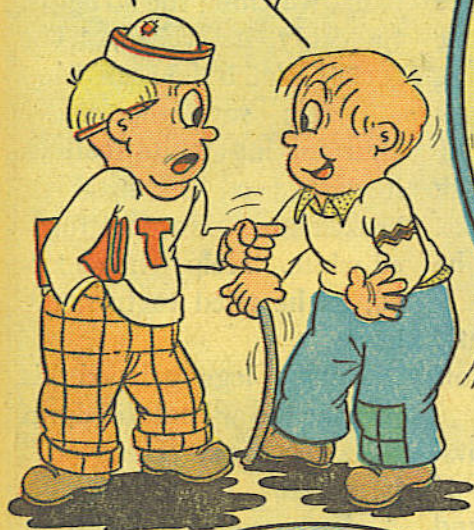
RED GRANGE GAVE
PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL
ITS START. BEFORE HE CAME
INTO ITS RANKS, FORMER
COLLEGE PLAYERS RECEIVED
\$10-\$25 A GAME!

TODAY PRO PLAYERS GET
WELL PAID. THERE IS A
NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL
LEAGUE, AND CROWDS OF
50,000 COME AND SEE THE
GAMES!

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

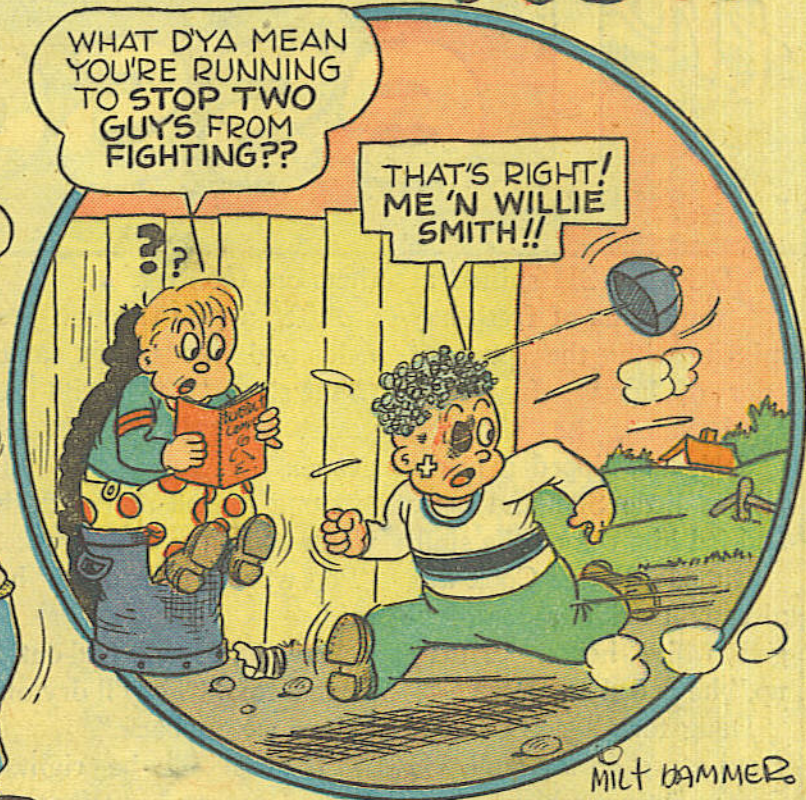
HOW FAR WERE YOU FROM THE RIGHT ANSWER IN HISTORY??

OH, ABOUT THREE SEATS AWAY !!!



WHAT D'YA MEAN YOU'RE RUNNING TO STOP TWO GUYS FROM FIGHTING??

THAT'S RIGHT! ME 'N WILLIE SMITH!!



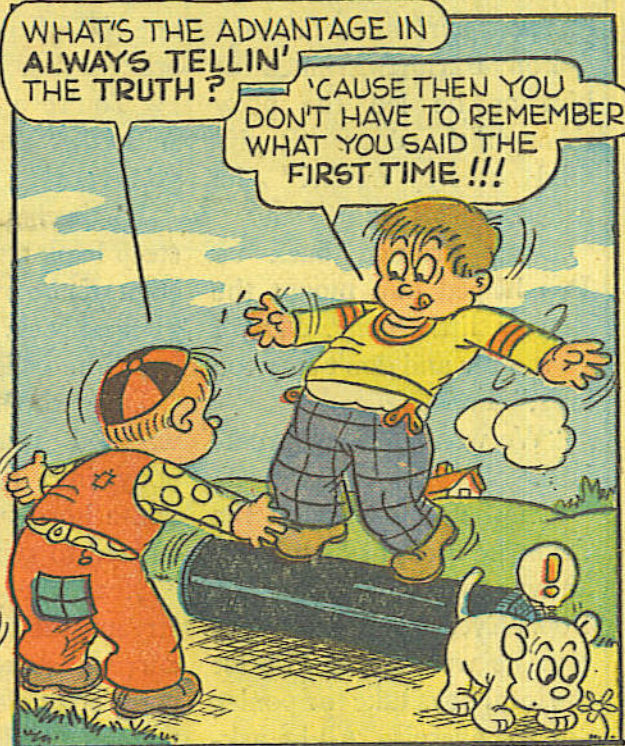
G'WAN-HOW CAN ANYTHING STAY ALIVE IN A FIRE??

HOW ABOUT LIVE COALS?



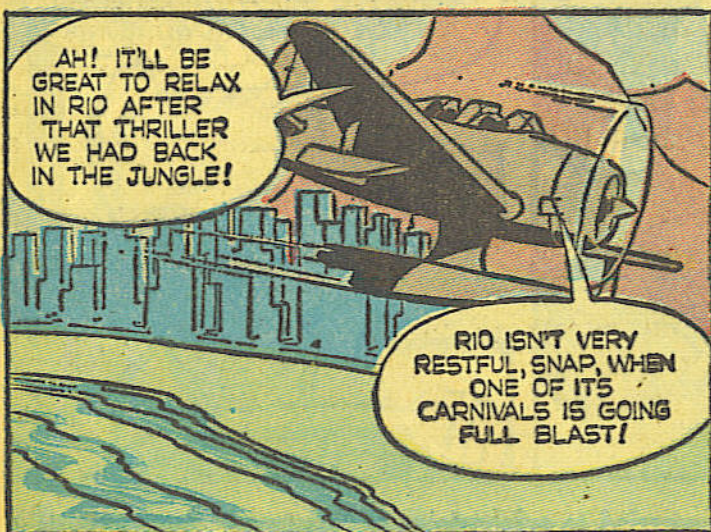
WHAT'S THE ADVANTAGE IN ALWAYS TELLIN' THE TRUTH?

'CAUSE THEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID THE FIRST TIME !!!



BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



A MAN, EVIDENTLY THE "GLIMPSES" AGENT, IS WAITING FOR BLUE BOLT AND SNAP--

EVERYTHING'S TAKEN CARE OF-- JUST FOLLOW ME!

SWELL!

NEW MAN, EH?

SOON

THERE IT IS!

DOES IT BITE?

MY GOSH, WHAT IS IT?

IT'S THE GLIMPSES FLOAT FOR THE BIG PARADE THAT STARTS THIS AFTERNOON. BLUE BOLT WILL DRIVE IT--AND YOU'LL TAKE PICTURES OF THE FESTIVAL FROM WITHIN.

OW!

THE LETTERING IS IN LUMINOUS PAINT, SO IT'LL GLOW TONIGHT. CLEVER, EH?

OH GOSH! I BET THIS BINGE WILL LAST ALL NIGHT!

FOOEY ON FIESTAS! I WANNA SLEEP!

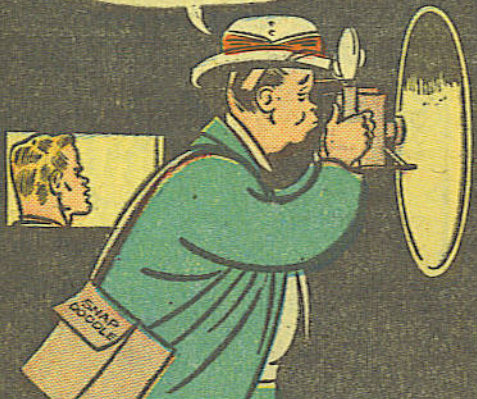
LET'S GO, SNAP! MAYBE THE PRETTY SENORITAS WILL WAKE YOU UP!

SOON, THE PARADE IS ON, WINDING THROUGH CROWDED, NOISY STREETS.

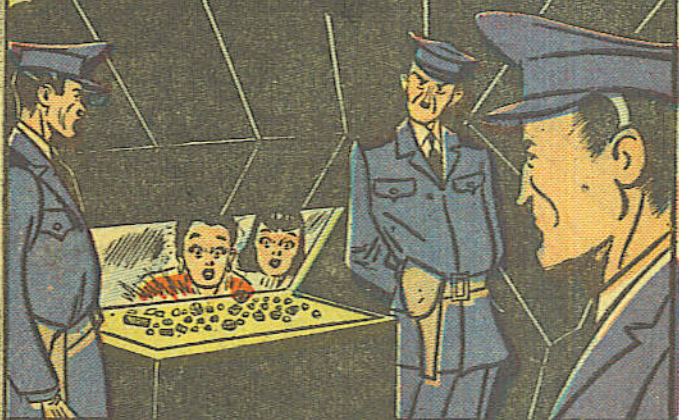
THAT DIAMOND FLOAT BEFORE US IS THE HIT OF THE PARADE, SNAP!

IT'S CARRYING A DISPLAY OF THE BIGGEST DIAMONDS FROM THE BRAZIL MINES. EVERY CHICK IN THE CROWD IS GAPING AT IT!

THAT MANY CARATS
NEED PLENTY OF GUARDS--
I HOPE THE LOCAL GENDARMES
REALIZE THAT!



THE DIAMONDS
ARE APPARENTLY
WELL PROTECTED--



--BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE FLOAT
PASSES THROUGH A QUIET STREET,
COMPARTMENTS IN THE WALL
OPEN!



HA! THEY
NEVER
EXPECTED
TROUBLE
FROM THE
INSIDE!

ONLY THE CLEVER
JOSE GUTIO
WOULD THINK TO
WORK ON THE
CONSTRUCTION
OF THE FLOAT!

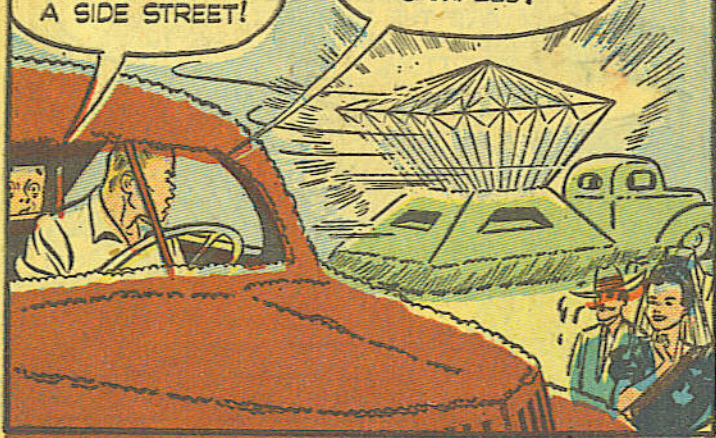


SI! I AM NOW WELL
REPAID FOR BUILDING
THE HIDING PLACES---
BUT FIRST WE MUST
LEAVE THE PARADE!



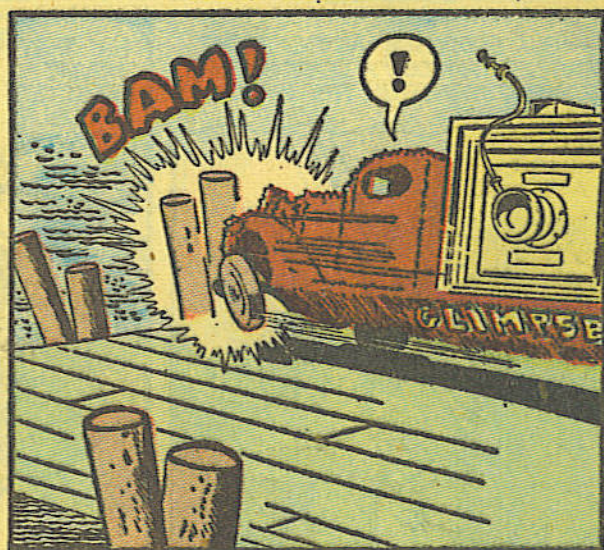
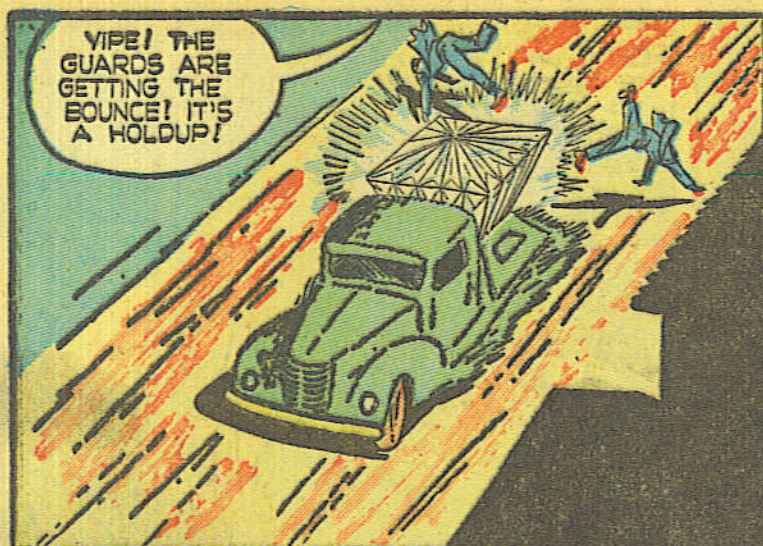
SAY! THAT'S
FUNNY! THE
DIAMOND FLOAT
TURNED DOWN
A SIDE STREET!

BETTER FOLLOW
IT--MAYBE THEY'LL
GIVE US A COUPLA
SAMPLES!



THEY'RE PICKING UP
SPEED--SEEM TO BE IN
AN AWFUL HURRY!

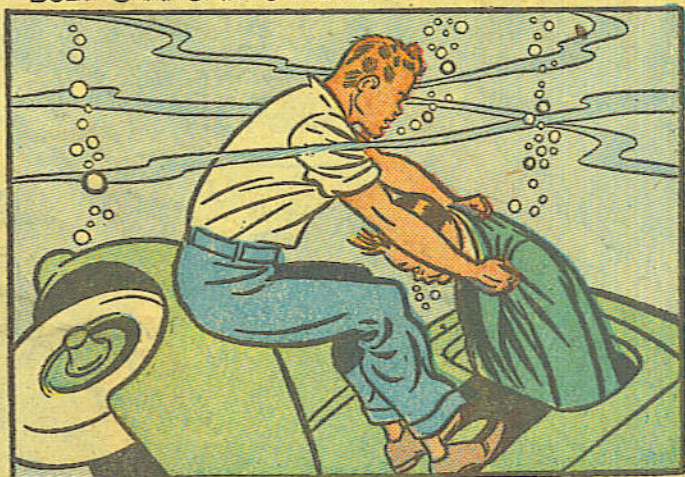




FORTUNATELY--EXCEPT FOR A FEW SMALL STONES I PLANTED ON OUR DROWNING PURSUERS TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL--ALL THE DIAMONDS ARE IN THIS BAG! HOW PLEASANT TO HOLD THE BAG--NO?



REVIVED BY THE SHOCK OF THE WATER, BLUE BOLT SNAPS INTO ACTION!



A MOMENT LATER--

COME! WE MUST HURRY BACK TO THE FESTIVAL, SO NO ONE WILL CONNECT US WITH THE ROBBERY!



(GULP!) WHERE AM--

SHH-H!

CAREFUL! YOU WILL SMUDGE YOURSELF WITH PAINT FROM THIS SILLY FLOAT!



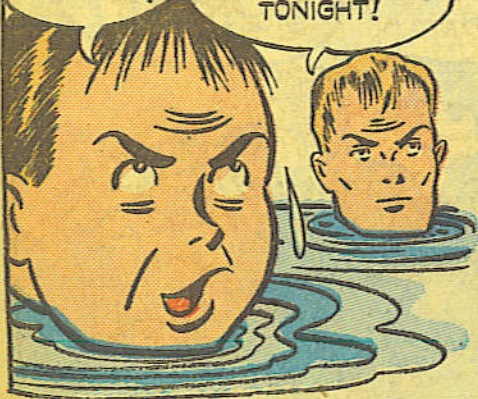
COME! WE GO!

DOGGONE! THAT'S NOT THE REAL GLIMPSES AGENT--THAT GUY'S A CROOK!



BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR HIM!

NO, BUT I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM AT THE CARNIVAL TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT--

THE PHONY AGENT IS WEARING A SMUDGE OF OUR LUMINOUS PAINT--AND IT OUGHT TO SHOW UP IN THE DARK!



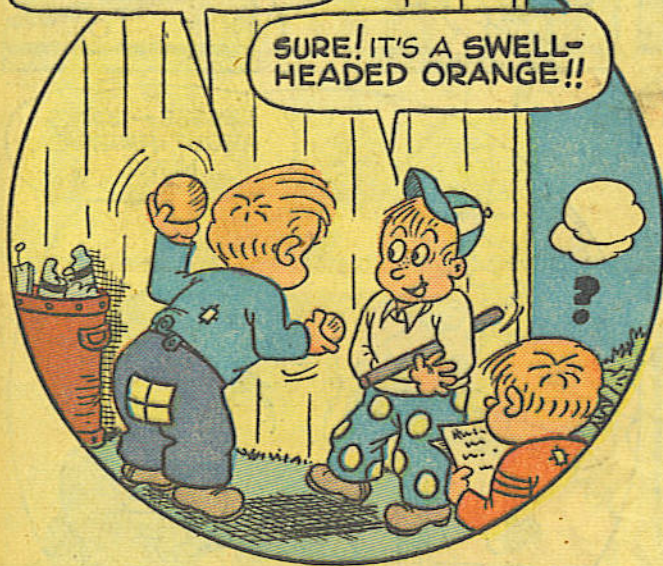
THEY WALK FOR HOURS THROUGH THE GAY THRONGS.



BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

CAN YOU DESCRIBE
A GRAPEFRUIT??

SURE! IT'S A SWELL-
HEADED ORANGE!!



HOW COME YER POP
ENLISTED IN THE
FOURTH ARMY?

TO BE NEAR MY
UNCLE WHO'S IN THE
FIFTH ARMY!!



WOT GOOD DEED DID
YOU DO SO FAR
TODAY, HERMIE?

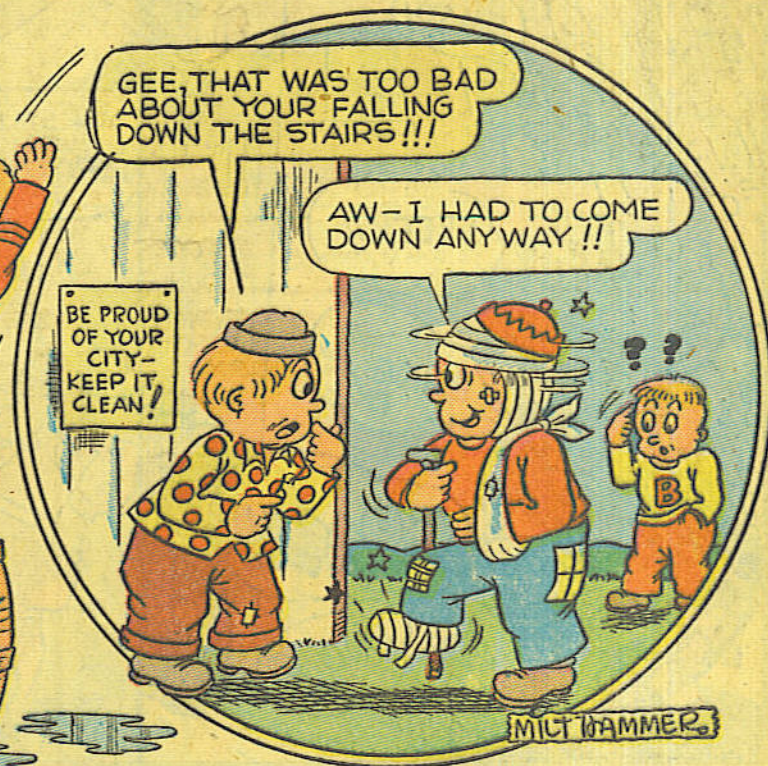
WELL, THERE WAS
COD LIVER OIL
ENOUGH FOR ONLY
ONE OF US THIS
MORNING, SO I
LET MY SISTER
HAVE IT!!!



GEE, THAT WAS TOO BAD
ABOUT YOUR FALLING
DOWN THE STAIRS!!!

AW - I HAD TO COME
DOWN ANYWAY!!

BE PROUD
OF YOUR
CITY -
KEEP IT
CLEAN!



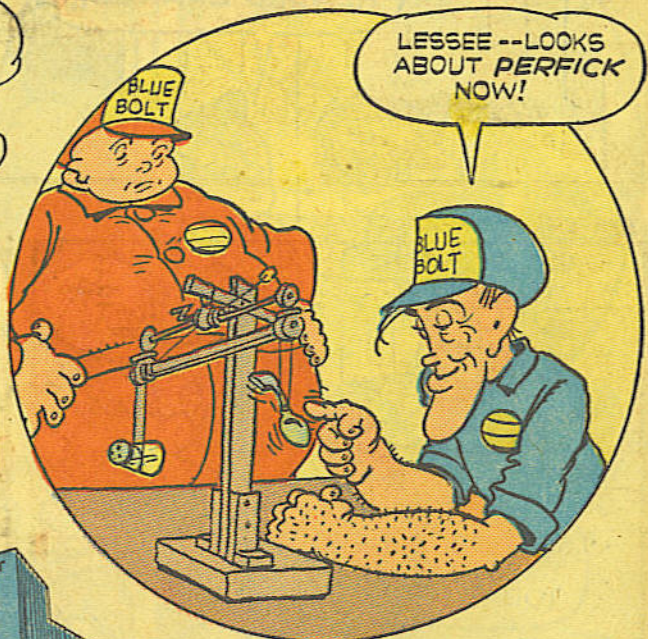
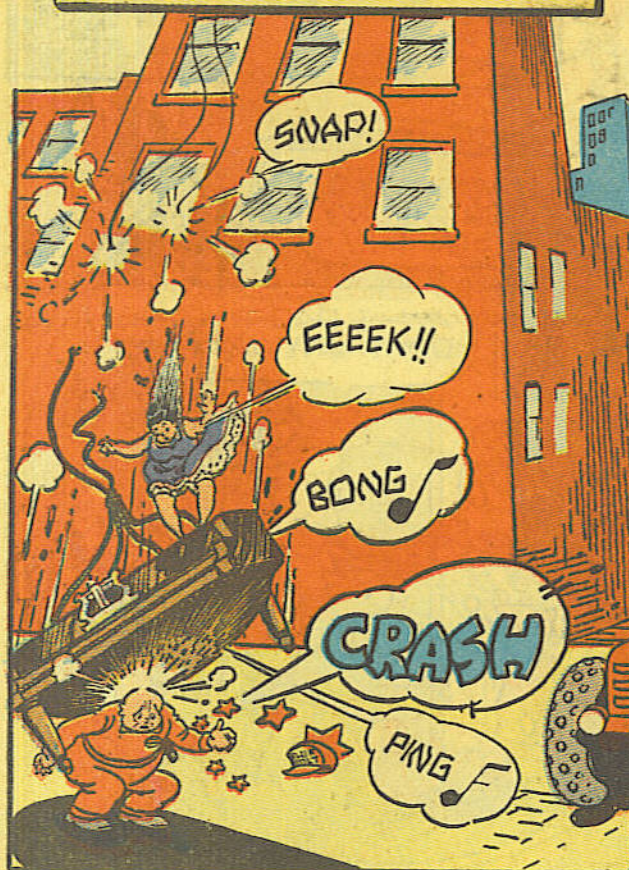
MILT HAMMER

Krisko and Jasper

Art by
JACK A.
WARREN

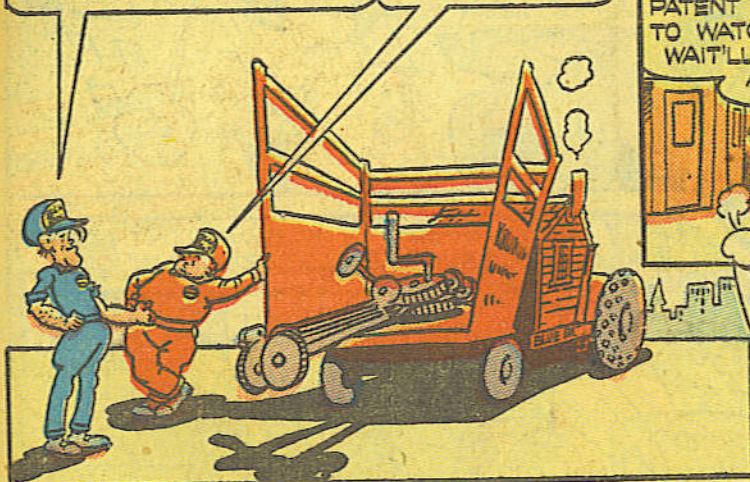


TAKE A LOOK AT JASPER'S NEW INVENTION --- THE "AUTOLIFT"--- THAT DEFIES ALL THE LAWS OF FIZZICKS AND MECKANICKS, EXCEPT THE ONE ABOUT WHAT GOES UP, COMES DOWN!



THAR SHE IS, LIFE SIZE!
I CALL 'ER THE "AUTOLIFT"!

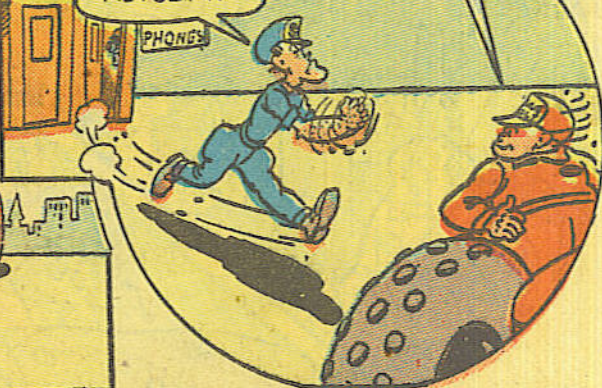
Y'MEAN SHE
LIFTS AUTOS?



AFTER JASPER MAKES A PHONE CALL ---

A MR. CRABTREE OF THE
PATENT OFFICE IS COMING
TO WATCH OUR NEXT JOB!
WAIT'LL HE SEES THE
AUTOLIFT.

HE'LL PUT YOU
RIGHT IN THE OL'
NUTHOUSE, JASP.



LATER, AT AN APARTMENT HOUSE ---

HERE I AM!-- RIGHT
ON THE FIRST FLOOR!

HMM--WAAL, FIRS'
FLOORS WON'T SHOW
OFF THE AUTOLIFT,
MR. CRABTREE.

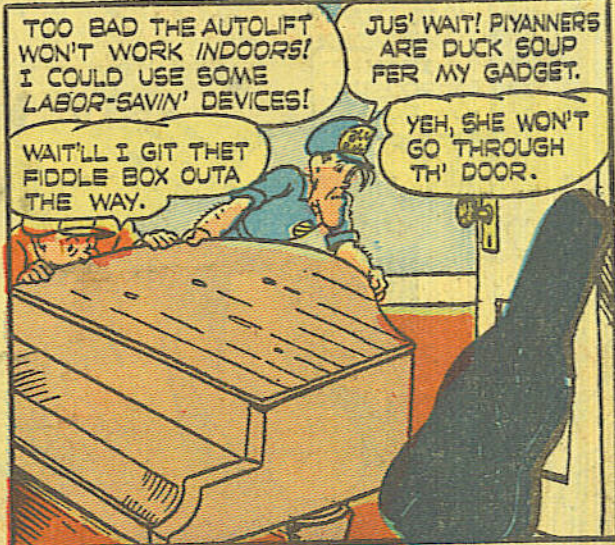


TOO BAD THE AUTOLIFT
WON'T WORK INDOORS!
I COULD USE SOME
LABOR-SAVIN' DEVICES!

JUS' WAIT! PIYANNERS
ARE DUCK SOUP
FER MY GADGET.

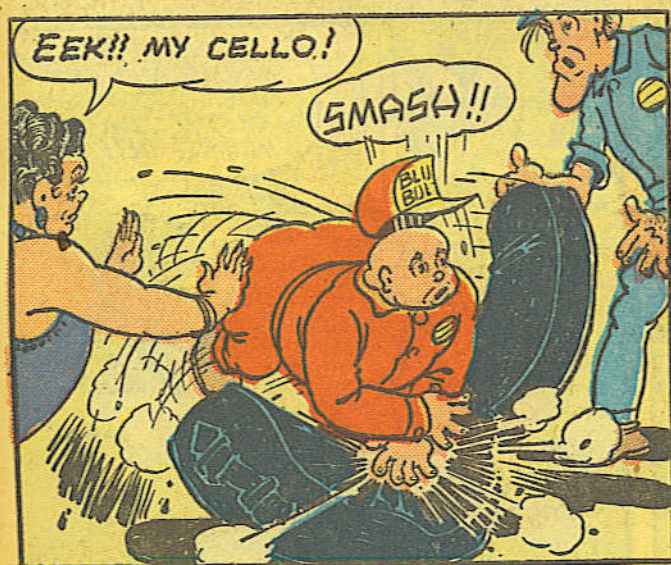
WAIT'LL I GIT THET
FIDDLE BOX OUTA
THE WAY.

YEH, SHE WON'T
GO THROUGH
TH' DOOR.



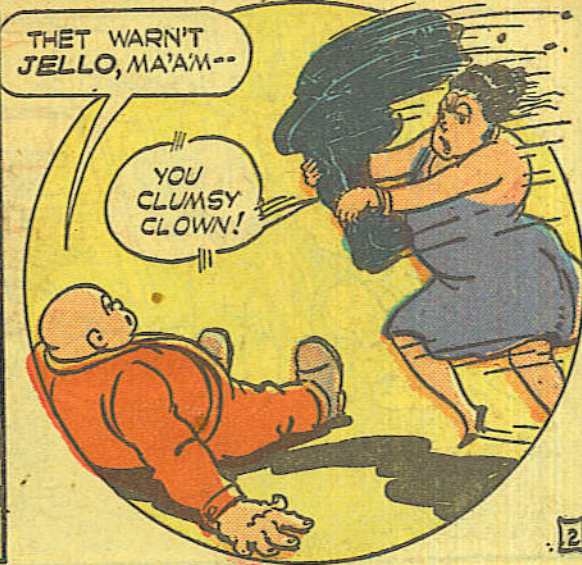
EEK!! MY CELLO!

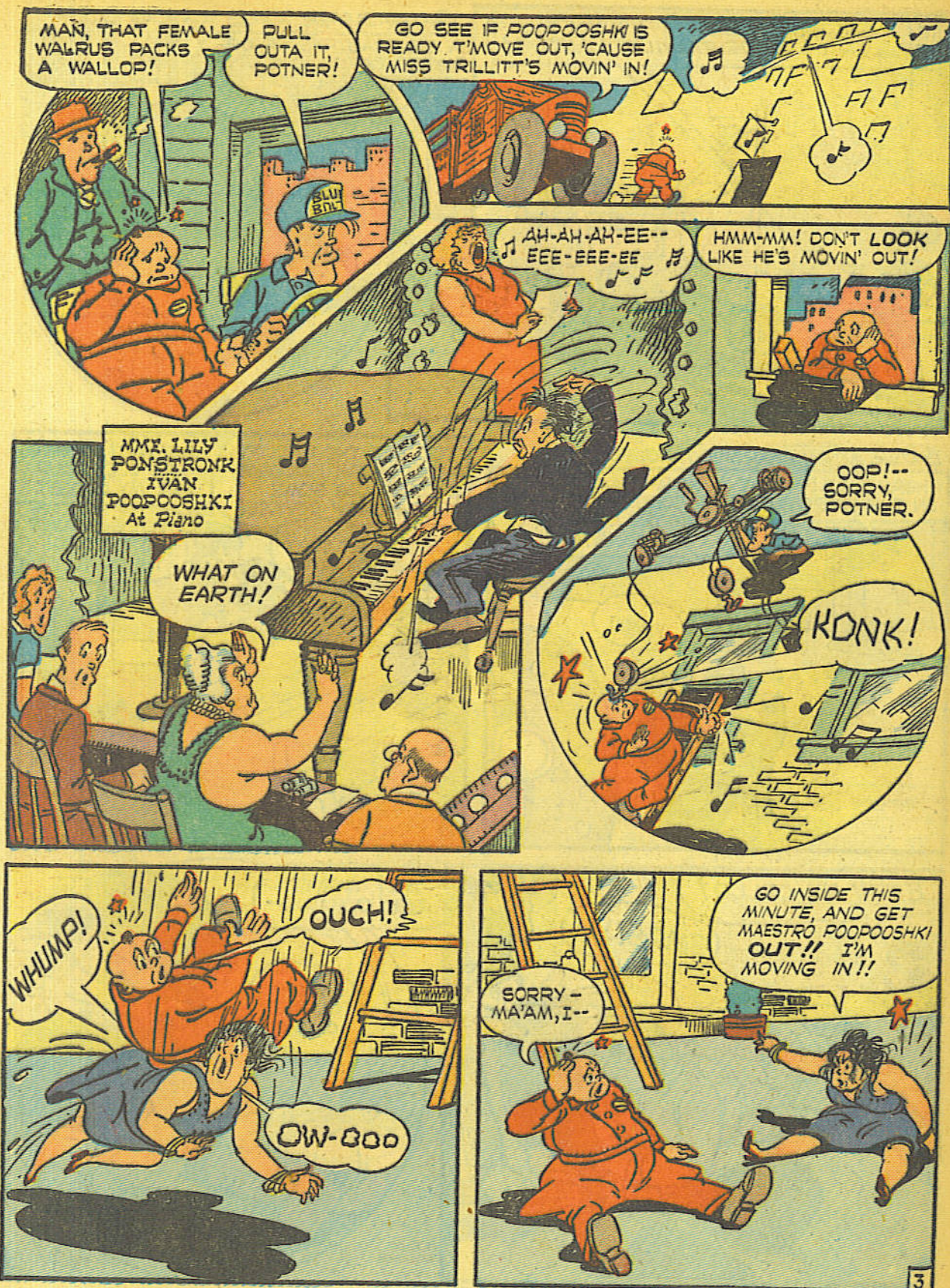
SMASH!!



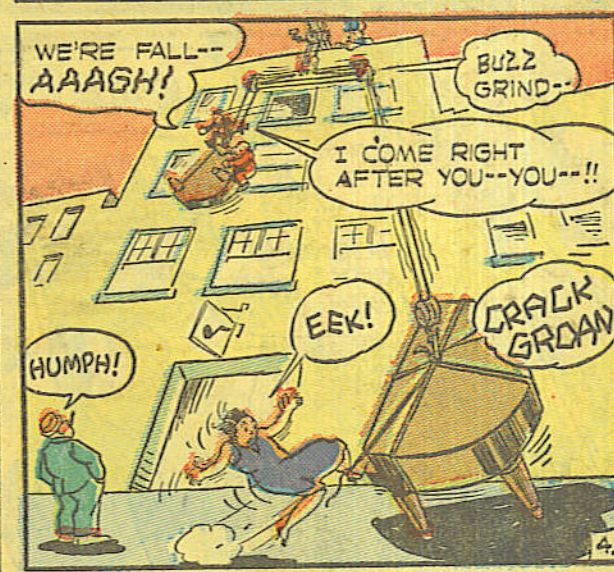
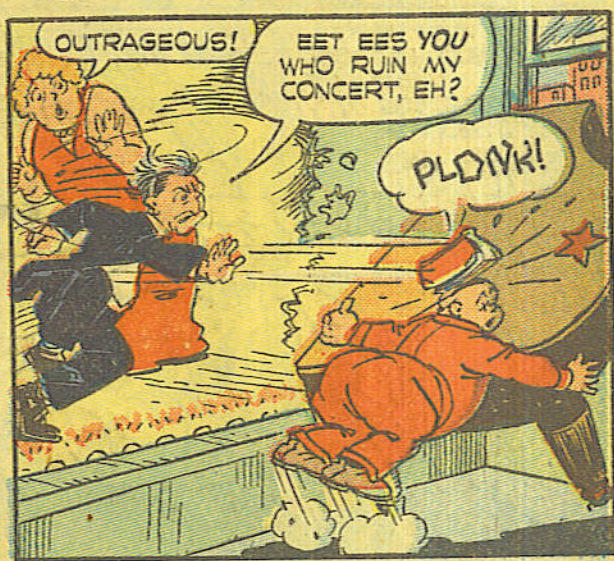
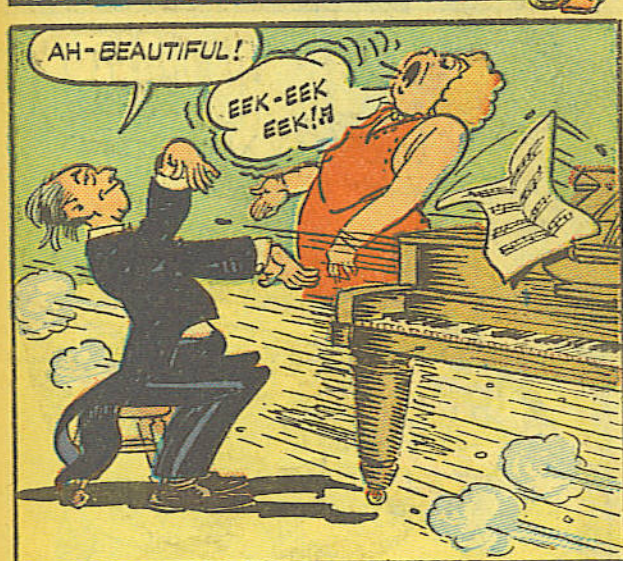
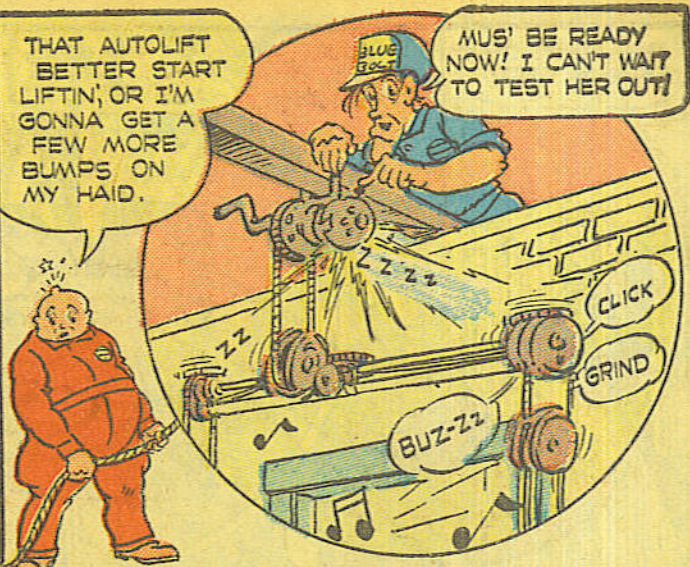
THET WARN'T
JELLO, MA'AM--

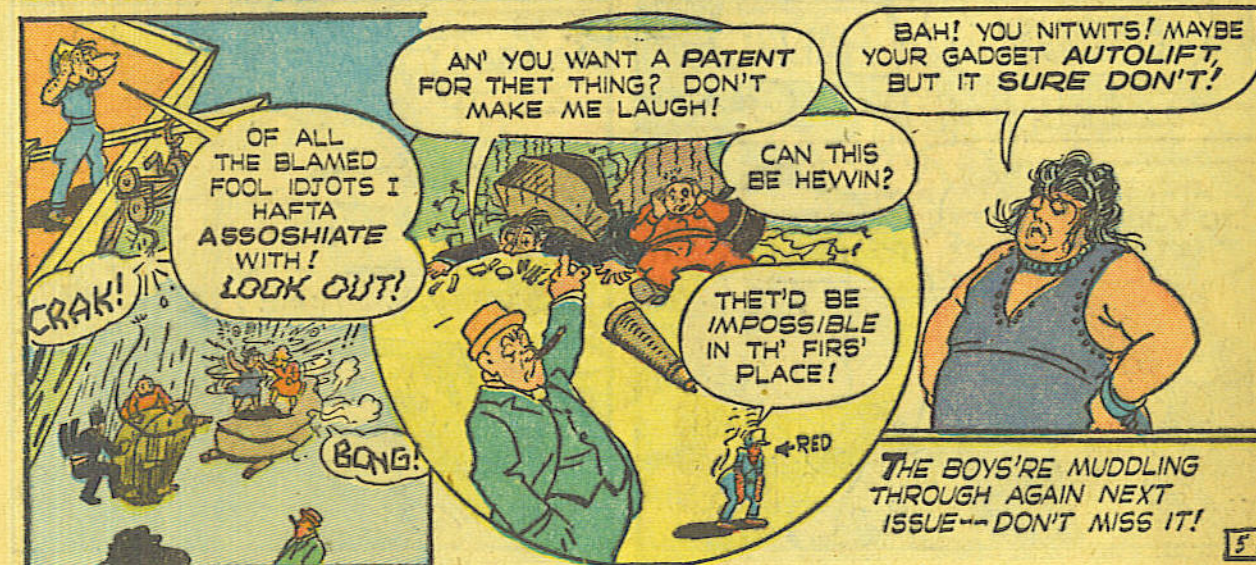
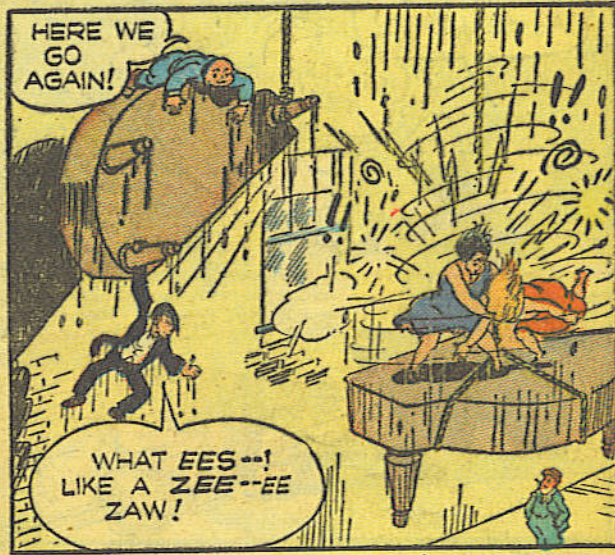
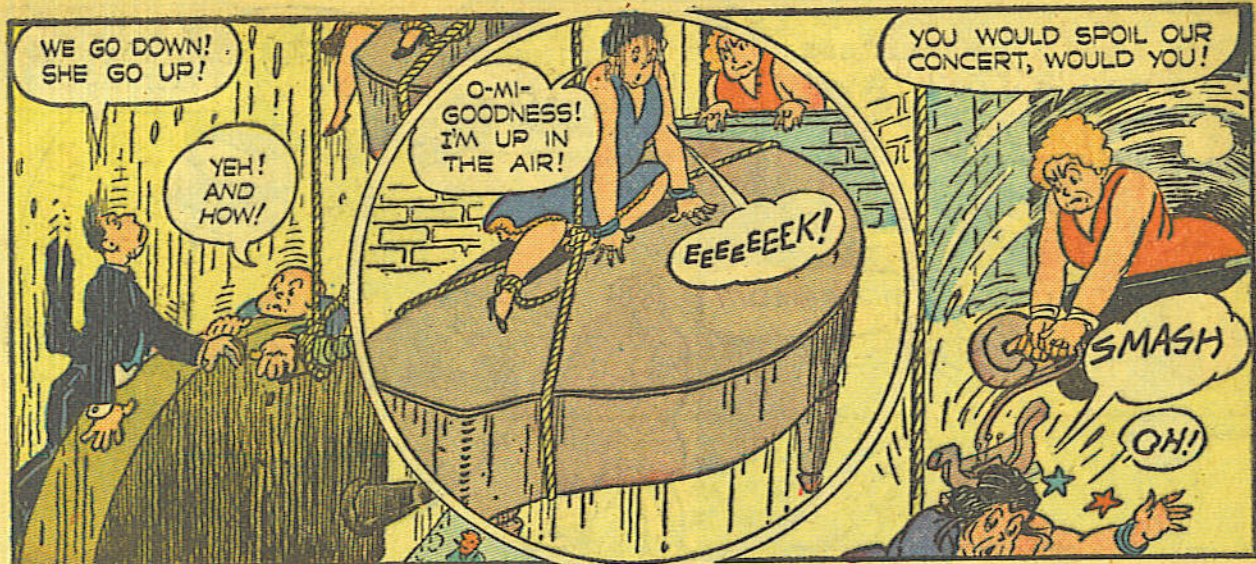
YOU
CLUMSY
CLOWN!





QUESTION No. 16. What does the title "maestro" mean?





BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

I'LL TRY ME HAND
AT SNATCHIN' POISES
AN' PICKIN' POCKETS
FER A CHANGE..

ROAD TO RUIN

